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THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

ROBERT BURNS.

WITH A SKETCH OF THE AUTHOR'S LIFE.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

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ROBERT BURNS.

1759–1796.

CRAIGIEBURN WOOD.

In August, 1792, Johnson published the fourth volume of his *Scots Musical Museum*, containing a number of songs by Burns, either wholly original, or improvements upon rude ditties of the olden time. Such as have not already been inserted in connection with particular dates and circumstances are here presented.

SWEET closes the eve on Craigieburn Wood,
And blithely awaukens the morrow;
But the pride of the spring in the Craigieburn Wood
Can yield me nothing but sorrow.

Beyond thee, dearie, beyond thee, dearie, beside
And oh, to be lying beyond thee!
O sweetly, soundly, weel may he sleep
That's laid in the bed beyond thee.

I see the spreading leaves and flowers,
I hear the wild birds singing;

But pleasure they hae nane for me,
While care my heart is wringing.

I canna tell, I maunna tell,
I darena for your anger;
But secret love will break my heart,
If I conceal it langer.

I see thee gracefu', straight, and tall,
I see thee sweet and bonny;
But oh, what will my torments be,
If thou refuse thy Johnnie!

To see thee in another's arms,
In love to lie and languish,
'Twad be my dead, that will be seen, death
My heart wad burst wi' anguish.

But, Jeanie, say thou wilt be mine,
Say thou lo'es nane before me,
And a' my days o' life to come
I'll gratefully adore thee.

CRAIGIEBURN WOOD.

The above, Burns himself tells us, was composed as a representation of the passion which a Mr. Gillespie, a particular friend of his, had for a young lady named Lorimer [the Chloris of two years later], who had been born at Craigieburn Wood, a beautiful place near Moffat. The names of Gillespie and Lorimer are still to be seen inscribed on a pane in the poet's parlor window at Ellisland. As Miss Lorimer was born in 1775, she must have been only sixteen at most when wooed vicariously in these impassioned stanzas. It was not her destiny to become Mrs. Gillespie; but it was reserved for her to be the subject of many other lays by Burns, as will be learned more particularly further on. Burns afterwards altered and reduced the song of *Craigieburn Wood* into the following more correct, but also tamer form.

SWEET fa's the eve on Craigieburn,
And blithe awakes the morrow;
But a' the pride o' spring's return
Can yield me nocht but sorrow.

I see the flowers and spreading trees,
I hear the wild birds singing;

But what a weary wight can please,
And care his bosom wringing?

Fain, fain would I my griefs impart,
Yet darena for your anger;
But secret love will break my heart
If I conceal it langer.

If thou refuse to pity me,
If thou shalt love anither,
When yon green leaves fade frae the tree,
Around my grave they'll wither.

FRAE THE FRIENDS AND LAND I LOVE.

AIR — *Carron Side.*

"Burns says of this song: 'I added the last four lines by way of giving a turn to the theme of the poem, such as it is.' The whole song, however, is in his own handwriting, and I have reason to believe it is all his own." — *Stenhouse.*

FRAE the friends and land I love
Driven by Fortune's felly spite,
Frae my best beloved I rove,
Never mair to taste delight;

Never mair maun hope to find
Ease frae toil, relief frae care:
When remembrance wracks the mind,
Pleasures but unveil despair.

Brightest climes shall mirk appear,
Desert ilka blooming shore,
Till the Fates nae mair severe,
Friendship, Love, and Peace restore;
Till Revenge, wi' laurelled head,
Bring our banished hame again,
And ilk loyal bonny lad
Cross the seas and win his ain.

MEIKLE THINKS MY LOVE.

TUNE—*My Tocher's the Jewel.*

Although this song appears in the *Museum* with the name of Burns, Mrs. Begg affirms that it is in reality only an improvement by her brother upon an old song.

O MEIKLE thinks my luve o' my beauty,
And meikle thinks my luve o' my kin;
But little thinks my luve I ken brawlie know well
My tocher's the jewel has charms for him. portion

It's a' for the apple he'll nourish the tree;
It's a' for the honey he'll cherish the bee;
My laddie's sae meikle in luve wi' the siller,
He canna hae luve to spare for me.

Your proffer o' luve's an arle-penny, earnest, bait
My tocher's the bargain ye wad buy;
But an ye be crafty, I am cunnin',
Sae ye wi' another your fortune maun try.
Ye're like to the timmer o' yon rotten wood,
Ye're like to the bark o' yon rotten tree;
Ye'll slip frae me like a knotless thread,
And ye'll crack your credit wi' mae nor me.

WHAT CAN A YOUNG LASSIE?

TUNE — *What can a Young Lassie do wi' an Auld Man?*

WHAT can a young lassie, what shall a young lassie,
What can a young lassie do wi' an auld man?
Bad luck on the penny that tempted my minnie
To sell her poor Jenny for siller and lan'!

He's always compleenin' frae mornin' to e'enin',
He hoasts and he hirples the coughs — hobbles
weary day lang;

He's doyl't and he's dozin', his bluid it is frozen, stupid
O dreary's the night wi' a crazy auld man!

He hums and he hankers, he frets and he cankers, fumbles
I never can please him, do a' that I can;
He's peevish and jealous of a' the young fellows,
O dool on the day I met wi' an auld man! sorrow

My auld auntie Katie upon me takes pity,
I'll do my endeavour to follow her plan:
I'll cross him, and wrack him, until I heart-break him,
And then his auld brass will buy me a new pan.

HOW CAN I BE BLITHE AND GLAD?

TUNE — *The Bonny Lad that's far awa'.*

"He took the first line, and even some hints of his verses, from an old song in Herd's collection, which begins: 'How can I be blithe or glad, or in my mind contented be?'" — *Stenhouse.*

O HOW can I be blithe and glad,
Or how can I gang brisk and braw, fine
When the bonny lad that I lo'e best
Is owre the hills and far awa'?

It's no the frosty winter wind,
  It's no the driving drift and snaw;
But aye the tear comes in my e'e,
  To think on him that's far awa'.

My father pat me frae his door,
  My friends they hae disowned me a';
But I hae ane will tak my part,
  The bonny lad that's far awa'.

A pair o' gloves he bought to me,
  And silken snoods he gae me twa;
And I will wear them for his sake,
  The bonny lad that's far awa'.

I DO CONFESS THOU ART SAE FAIR.

I DO confess thou art sae fair,
  I wad been owre the lugs in love, ears
Had I na found the slightest prayer
  That lips could speak thy heart could move.
I do confess thee sweet, but find
  Thou are sae thriftless o' thy sweets,
Thy favours are the silly wind,
  That kisses ilka thing it meets.

See yonder rose-bud, rich in dew,
  Amang its native briers sae coy;
How sune it tines its scent and hue loses
  When pou'd and worn a common toy!
Sic fate, ere lang, shall thee betide,
  Though thou may gaily bloom a while;
Yet sune thou shalt be thrown aside
  Like ony common weed and vile.[1]

[1] Altered into the Scotch language by Burns from an English poem by Sir Robert Ayton, private secretary to Anne, consort of James VI. Sir Robert's verses are as follow: —

I do confess thou'rt sweet; yet find
  Thee such an unthrift of thy sweets,
Thy favors are but like the wind,
  That kisseth everything it meets;
And since thou canst with more than one,
Thou'rt worthy to be kissed by none.

The morning rose that untouched stands,
  Armed with her briers, how sweetly smells!
But plucked and strained through ruder hands,
  Her scent no longer with her dwells.
But scent and beauty both are gone,
And leaves fall from her one by one.

Such fate, ere long, will thee betide,
  When thou hast handled been awhile, —
Like sun-flowers to be thrown aside, —
  And I shall sigh while some will smile:
So see thy love for more than one
Has brought thee to be loved by none.

YON WILD MOSSY MOUNTAINS.

TUNE — *Yon Wild Mossy Mountains.*

"This tune is by Oswald: the song alludes to a part of my private history which it is of no consequence to the world to know." — BURNS.

YON wild mossy mountains sae lofty and wide,
That nurse in their bosom the youth o' the Clyde,
Where the grouse lead their coveys through the heather to feed,
And the shepherd tents his flock as he pipes on his reed.

Not Gowrie's rich valleys, nor Forth's sunny shores,
To me hae the charms o' yon wild mossy moors;
For there, by a lanely and sequestered stream,
Resides a sweet lassie, my thought and my dream.

Amang thae wild mountains shall still be my path,
Ilk stream foaming down its ain green, narrow strath; valley

For there, wi' my lassie, the day lang I rove,
While o'er us unheeded flee the swift hours o' love.

She is not the fairest, although she is fair;
O' nice education but sma' is her share;
Her parentage humble as humble can be;
But I lo'e the dear lassie because she lo'es me.

To beauty what man but maun yield him a prize,
In her armour of glances, and blushes, and sighs!
And when wit and refinement hae polished her darts,
They dazzle our e'en, as they flee to our hearts.

But kindness, sweet kindness, in the fond sparkling e'e,
Has lustre outshining the diamond to me;
And the heart beating love as I'm clasped in her arms,
Oh, these are my lassie's all-conquering charms!

O FOR ANE-AND-TWENTY, TAM.

TUNE—*The Moudiewort.*

"The subject of this song had a real origin: a young girl having been left some property by a near relation, and at her own disposal on her attaining majority, was pressed by her relations to marry an old rich booby. Her affections, however, had previously been engaged by a young man, to whom she had pledged her troth when she should become of age, and she of course obstinately rejected the solicitations of her friends to any other match. Burns represents the lady addressing her youthful lover in the language of constancy and affection."— *Stenhouse.*

CHORUS.

AND O for ane-and-twenty, Tam,
And hey, sweet ane-and-twenty, Tam,
I'll learn my kin a rattlin' sang,
An' I saw ane-and-twenty, Tam.

They shool me sair, and haud me down, snub
And gar me look like bluntie, Tam! a sniveller
But three short years will soon wheel roun'—
And then comes ane-and-twenty, Tam.

A gleib o' lan', a claut o' gear, lump
  Was left me by my auntie, Tam;
At kith or kin I needna spier, ask
  An' I saw ane-and-twenty, Tam.

They'll hae me wed a wealthy coof, fool
  Though I mysel' hae plenty, Tam;
But hear'st thou, laddie — there's my loof — palm
  I'm thine at ane-and-twenty, Tam.

BESS AND HER SPINNING-WHEEL.

TUNE — *The Sweet Lass that lo'es me.*

O LEEZE me on my spinning-wheel, dear to me
O leeze me on my rock and reel;
Frae tap to tae that cleeds me bien, comfortably
And haps me fiel and warm at e'en! wraps — soft
I'll set me down and sing and spin,
While laigh descends the simmer sun, low
Blest wi' content, and milk and meal —
O leeze me on my spinning-wheel!

On ilka hand the burnies trot,
And meet below my theekit cot; thatched

The scented birk and hawthorn white,
Across the pool their arms unite,
Alike to screen the birdie's nest,
And little fishes' caller rest: cool
The sun blinks kindly in the biel', shed
Where blithe I turn my spinning-wheel.

On lofty aiks the cushats wail, wood-pigeons
And echo cons the doolfu' tale;
The lintwhites in the hazel braes, linnets
Delighted, rival ither's lays:
The craik amang the clover hay, landrail
The paitrick whirrin' o'er the ley, partridge
The swallow jinkin' round my shiel, dodging—shed
Amuse me at my spinning-wheel.

Wi' sma' to sell, and less to buy,
Aboon distress, below envy,
O wha wad leave this humble state,
For a' the pride of a' the great?
Amid their flaring, idle toys,
Amid their cumbrous, dinsome joys,
Can they the peace and pleasure feel
Of Bessy at her spinning-wheel?

NITHSDALE'S WELCOME HAME.

Written when Lady Winifred Maxwell, the descendant of the forfeited Earl of Nithsdale, returned to Scotland and rebuilt Terregles House, in the Stewartry of Kirkcudbright. Captain Riddel of Glenriddel furnished the air to which Burns composed the verses.

THE noble Maxwells and their powers
Are coming o'er the Border,
And they'll gae bigg Terregles towers, build
And set them a' in order.
And they declare Terregles fair,
For their abode they choose it;
There's no a heart in a' the land
But's lighter at the news o't.

Though stars in skies may disappear,
And angry tempests gather,
The happy hour may soon be near
That brings us pleasant weather.
The weary night o' care and grief
May hae a joyful morrow;
So dawning day has brought relief—
Fareweel our night of sorrow!

COUNTRY LASSIE.

TUNE—*The Country Lass.*

IN simmer, when the hay was mawn,
And corn waved green in ilka field,
While claver blooms white o'er the lea,
And roses blaw in ilka bield; sheltered place
Blithe Bessie in the milking shiel, shed
Says, "I'll be wed, come o't what will;"
Out spak a dame in wrinkled eild, age
"O guid advisement comes nae ill.

"It's ye hae wooers monie ane,
And, lassie, ye're but young, ye ken;
Then wait a wee, and cannie wale calmly
A routhie butt, a routhie ben: well-stored house
There's Johnnie o' the Buskie Glen,
Fu' is his barn, fu' is his byre; cow-house
Tak this frae me, my bonny hen,
It's plenty beets the luver's fire." keeps up

"For Johnnie o' the Buskie Glen,
I dinna care a single flie;

He lo'es sae weel his craps and kye,
He has nae luve to spare for me.
But blithe's the blink o' Robbie's e'e,
And weel I wat he lo'es me dear:
Ae blink o' him I wadna gie
For Buskie Glen and a' his gear." money

"O thoughtless lassie, life's a faught; fight
The canniest gate, the strife is sair; wisest way
But aye fou han't is fechtin' best, full-handed—fighting
A hungry care's an unco care.
But some will spend, and some will spare,
And wilfu' folk maun hae their will;
Syne as ye brew, my maiden fair, Then
Keep mind that ye maun drink the yill." ale

"O gear will buy me rigs o' land,
And gear will buy me sheep and kye;
But the tender heart o' leesome luve pleasant
The gowd and siller canna buy.
We may be poor — Robbie and I,
Light is the burden luve lays on;
Content and luve brings peace and joy —
What mair hae queens upon a throne?"

FAIR ELIZA.

Burns composed this song to a Highland air which he found in Macdonald's collection. In the original manuscript, the name of the heroine is Rabina, which he is understood to have afterwards changed to Eliza, for reasons of taste. Mr. Stenhouse relates, that the verses were designed to embody the passion of a Mr. Hunter, a friend of the poet, towards a Rabina of real life, who, it would appear, was loved in vain, for the lover went to the West Indies, and there died soon after his arrival.

Turn again, thou fair Eliza,
Ae kind blink before we part,
Rue on thy despairing lover!
Canst thou break his faithfu' heart?
Turn again, thou fair Eliza;
If to love thy heart denies,
For pity hide the cruel sentence,
Under friendship's kind disguise!

Thee, dear maid, hae I offended?
The offence is loving thee:
Canst thou wreck his peace for ever,
Wha for thine wad gladly die?

While the life beats in my bosom,
Thou shalt mix in ilka throe;
Turn again, thou lovely maiden,
Ae sweet smile on me bestow.

Not the bee upon the blossom,
In the pride o' sunny noon;
Not the little sporting fairy,
All beneath the simmer moon;
Not the poet in the moment
Fancy lightens on his e'e,
Kens the pleasure, feels the rapture
That thy presence gies to me.

O LUVE WILL VENTURE IN.

TUNE — *The Posie.*

O LUVE will venture in where it daurna weel be seen;
O luve will venture in where wisdom ance has been;
But I will down yon river rove, among the wood sae green —
And a' to pu' a posie to my ain dear May.

The primrose I will pu', the firstling o' the year,
And I will pu' the pink, the emblem o' my dear;
For she's the pink o' womankind, and blooms without a peer —
And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

I'll pu' the budding rose, when Phœbus peeps in view,
For it's like a baumy kiss o' her sweet bonny mou';
The hyacinth for constancy, wi' its unchanging blue —
And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

The lily it is pure, and the lily it is fair,
And in her lovely bosom I'll place the lily there;
The daisy's for simplicity and unaffected air —
And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

The hawthorn I will pu', wi' its locks o' siller gray,
Where, like an aged man, it stands at break of day;
But the songster's nest within the bush I winna tak away —
And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

The woodbine I will pu' when the e'ening-star
is near,
And the diamond draps o' dew shall be her
e'en sae clear;
The violet's for modesty, which weel she
fa's to wear — has a right
And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

I'll tie the posie round wi' the silken band o'
luve,
And I'll place it in her breast, and I'll swear
by a' above,
That to my latest draught o' life the band shall
ne'er remove —
And this shall be a posie to my ain dear
May.

THE BANKS OF DOON.

TUNE — *Caledonian Hunt's Delight.*

YE banks and braes o' bonny Doon,
How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair;
How can ye chant, ye little birds,
And I sae weary fu' o' care!

Thou'lt break my heart, thou warbling bird,
That wantons through the flowering thorn;
Thou minds me o' departed joys,
Departed — never to return!

Aft hae I roved by bonny Doon,
To see the rose and woodbine twine;
And ilka bird sang o' its luve,
And fondly sae did I o' mine.
Wi' lightsome heart I pou'd a rose,
Fu' sweet upon its thorny tree;
And my fause luver stole my rose,
But ah! he left the thorn wi' me.[1]

WILLIE WASTLE.

TUNE — *The Eight Men of Moidart.*

WILLIE WASTLE dwalt on Tweed,
The spot they called it Linkum-doddie;

[1] This, it will be observed, is a second version of the ballad which Burns produced in 1787, upon the sad fate of Miss Peggy K———. Although none of Burns's songs has been more popular than this, one cannot but regret its superseding so entirely the original ballad, which in touching simplicity of expression is certainly much superior.

Willie was a wabster guid, weaver
  Could stown a clew wi' ony bodie. stolen
He had a wife was dour and din, harsh and noisy
  O Tinkler Madgie was her mither;
Sic a wife as Willie had,
  I wadna gie a button for her.

She has an e'e — she has but ane,
  The cat has twa the very colour;
Five rusty teeth, forbye a stump, besides
  A clapper-tongue wad deave a miller: deafen
A whiskin' beard about her mou',
  Her nose and chin they threaten ither —
Sic a wife as Willie had,
  I wadna gie a button for her.

She's bough-houghed, she's hein-shinned,[1]
  Ae limpin' leg a hand-breed shorter;
She's twisted right, she's twisted left,
  To balance fair in ilka quarter:
She has a hump upon her breast,
  The twin o' that upon her shouther — shoulder
Sic a wife as Willie had,
  I wadna gie a button for her.

Auld baudrons by the ingle sits, the cat
  And wi' her loof her face a-washin'; palm
But Willie's wife is nae sae trig,
  She dights her grunzie wi' a wipes — pig-mouth
    hushion; cushion

[1] bow-legged: thin-shinned (?)

Her walie nieves like midden-creels, — huge fists — dung-baskets
Her face wad fyle the Logan Water —
Sic a wife as Willie had,
I wadna gie a button for her.

THE SMILING SPRING.

TUNE— *The Bonny Bell.*

THE smiling Spring comes in rejoicing,
And surly Winter grimly flies;
Now crystal clear are the falling waters,
And bonny blue are the sunny skies.
Fresh o'er the mountains breaks forth the morning,
The evening gilds the ocean's swell;
All creatures joy in the sun's returning,
And I rejoice in my bonny Bell.

The flowery Spring leads sunny Summer,
And yellow Autumn presses near;
Then in his turn comes gloomy Winter,
Till smiling Spring again appear.
Thus seasons dancing, life advancing,
Old Time and Nature their changes tell,
But never ranging, still unchanging,
I adore my bonny Bell.

THE GALLANT WEAVER.

TUNE — *The Weaver's March.*

WHERE Cart rins rowin' to the sea, rolling
By monie a flower and spreading tree,
There lives a lad, the lad for me,
He is a gallant weaver.

O I had wooers aucht or nine,
They gied me rings and ribbons fine;
And I was feared my heart would tine, be lost
And I gied it to the weaver.

My daddie signed my tocher-band, dowry-bond
To gie the lad that has the land;
But to my heart I'll add my hand,
And gie it to the weaver.

While birds rejoice in leafy bowers;
While bees delight in opening flowers;
While corn grows green in simmer showers,
I'll love my gallant weaver.

SHE'S FAIR AND FAUSE.

TUNE — *She's Fair and Fause.*

SHE's fair and fause that causes my smart, false
I lo'ed her meikle and lang;
She's broken her vow, she's broken my heart,
And I may e'en gae hang.

A coof cam in wi' routh o' gear, fool — abundance
And I hae tint my dearest dear; lost
But woman is but warld's gear,
Sae let the bonny lass gang.

Whae'er ye be that woman love,
To this be never blind:
Nae ferlie 'tis though fickle she preve, wonder
A woman has't by kind. nature

O woman, lovely woman fair!
An angel form's fa'n to thy share;
'Twad been owre meikle to gien thee mair, have given
I mean an angel mind.[1]

[1] In a song, entitled *The Address*, which appears in *The Lark* (2 vols., 1765), there is a passage which perhaps suggested the thought in the fourth stanza of the above song:

'Twixt pleasing hope and painful fear
True love divided lies;

MY WIFE'S A WINSOME WEE THING.

"In the air *My Wife's a Wanton Wee Thing*, if a few lines smooth and pretty can be adapted to it, it is all you can expect. The following were made extempore to it; and though, on further study, I might give you something more profound, yet it might not suit the light-horse gallop of the air so well as this random clink." — *Burns to Mr. Thomson, Nov.* 8, 1792.

SHE is a winsome wee thing,
She is a handsome wee thing,
She is a bonny wee thing,[1]
This sweet wee wife o' mine.

With artless look and soul sincere,
Above all mean disguise.
For Celia thus my heart has moved,
Accept it, lovely fair;
I've liked before, but never loved,
Then let me not despair.

My fate before your feet I lay,
Sentence your willing slave;
Remember that though tyrants slay,
Yet heavenly powers save.
To bless is Heaven's peculiar grace,
Let me a blessing find;
And since you wear an angel's face,
O show an angel's mind!

[1] Manuscript — "She is a winsome wee thing." The alteration was by Mr. Thomson.

I never saw a fairer,
I never lo'ed a dearer,
And niest my heart I'll wear her,
For fear my jewel tine. be lost

She is a winsome wee thing,
She is a handsome wee thing,
She is a bonny wee thing,
This sweet wee wife o' mine.

The warld's wrack we share o't, vexation
The warsle and the care o't; wrestle
Wi' her I'll blithely bear it,
And think my lot divine.

HIGHLAND MARY.

TUNE — *Katharine Ogie.*

"The subject of the song is one of the most interesting passages of my youthful days, and I own that I should be much flattered to see the verses set to an air which would insure celebrity." — *Burns to Mr. Thomson, 14th Nov.* 1792.

YE banks, and braes, and streams around
The castle o' Montgomery,

Green be your woods, and fair your flowers,
Your waters never drumlie! muddy
There simmer first unfauld her robes,
And there the langest tarry;
For there I took the last fareweel
O' my sweet Highland Mary.

How sweetly bloomed the gay green birk,
How rich the hawthorn's blossom,
As underneath their fragrant shade
I clasped her to my bosom!
The golden hours, on angel wings,
Flew o'er me and my dearie;
For dear to me as light and life
Was my sweet Highland Mary.

Wi' monie a vow, and locked embrace,
Our parting was fu' tender;
And, pledging aft to meet again,
We tore oursels asunder:
But, oh! fell death's untimely frost,
That nipt my flower sae early!
Now green's the sod, and cauld's the clay,
That wraps my Highland Mary!

O pale, pale now, those rosy lips
I aft hae kissed sae fondly,
And closed for aye the sparkling glance
That dwelt on me sae kindly!

And mouldering now in silent dust
That heart that lo'ed me dearly!
But still within my bosom's core
Shall live my Highland Mary.

THE RIGHTS OF WOMAN,

AN OCCASIONAL ADDRESS SPOKEN BY MISS FONTENELLE ON HER BENEFIT-NIGHT [NOV. 26, 1792].

In those days, the little theatre of Dumfries was pretty regularly open each winter, under the care of a Mr. Sutherland, whom we have already seen Burns patronizing while he resided at Ellisland. In the *corps dramatique* was a Miss Fontenelle, a smart and pretty little creature, who played Little Pickle in the *Spoiled Child*, and other such characters. Burns admired the performances of Miss Fontenelle, and was disposed to befriend her. We find him taxing his Muse in her behalf.

While Europe's eye is fixed on mighty things,
The fate of empires and the fall of kings;
While quacks of state must each produce his plan,

And even children lisp the Rights of Man;
Amid this mighty fuss just let me mention,
The Rights of Woman merit some attention.

First, in the sexes' intermixed connection,
One sacred Right of Woman is — Protection.
The tender flower that lifts its head elate,
Helpless must fall before the blasts of fate,
Sunk on the earth, defaced its lovely form,
Unless your shelter ward the impending storm.

Our second Right — but needless here is caution;
To keep that right inviolate's the fashion;
Each man of sense has it so full before him,
He'd die before he'd wrong it — 'tis Decorum.
There was, indeed, in far less polished days,
A time when rough rude man had naughty ways;
Would swagger, swear, get drunk, kick up a riot,
Nay, even thus invade a lady's quiet.
Now, thank our stars! these Gothic times are fled;
Now, well-bred men — and you are all well-bred —
Most justly think (and we are much the gainers)
Such conduct neither spirit, wit, nor manners.[1]

[1] An ironical allusion to the annual saturnalia of the Caledonian Hunt at Dumfries.

For Right the third, our last, our best, our dearest,
That right to fluttering female hearts the nearest,
Which even the Rights of Kings in low prostration
Most humbly own — 'tis dear, dear Admiration!
In that blest sphere alone we live and move;
There taste that life of life — immortal love.
Smiles, glances, sighs, tears, fits, flirtations, airs,
'Gainst such an host what flinty savage dares —
When awful Beauty joins with all her charms,
Who is so rash as rise in rebel arms?
But truce with kings and truce with constitutions,
With bloody armaments and revolutions:
Let majesty your first attention summon,
Ah! *ça ira!* THE MAJESTY OF WOMAN!

EXTEMPORE ON SOME COMMEMORATIONS OF THOMSON.

There can be no doubt that Burns here had in view the same affair which he had treated in so conceding a style in September of the preceding

year. In the interval, he had come to see it in its true light. (See p. 286 of vol. ii.)

DOST thou not rise, indignant shade,
And smile wi' spurning scorn,
When they wha wad hae starved thy life,
Thy senseless turf adorn!

Helpless, alane, thou clamb the brae,
Wi mickle, mickle toil,
And claught th' unfading garland there, clutched
Thy sair-won, rightful spoil.

And wear it there! and call aloud
This axiom undoubted —
Would thou hae nobles' patronage,
"First learn to live without it!"

To whom hae much, shall yet be given,
Is every great man's faith;
But he the helpless, needless wretch,
Shall lose the mite he hath.

TO MISS FONTENELLE, ON SEEING HER IN A FAVOURITE CHARACTER.

SWEET naïveté of feature,
Simple, wild, enchanting elf,
Not to thee, but thanks to Nature,
Thou art acting but thyself.

Wert thou awkward, stiff, affected,
Spurning nature, torturing art,
Loves and graces all rejected,
Then indeed thou'dst act a part.

THE LEA-RIG.

TUNE—*The Lea-Rig.*

"On reading over *The Lea-Rig*, I immediately set about trying my hand on it; and after all, I could make nothing more of it than the following, which, Heaven knows, is poor enough."—*Burns to Mr. Thomson.*

WHEN o'er the hill the eastern star
Tells bughtin'-time is near, my jo; ewe-milking

And owsen frae the furrowed field
Return sae dowf and weary O; spent
Down by the burn, where scented birks[1]
Wi' dew are hanging clear, my jo, joy, darling
I'll meet thee on the lea-rig, grassy ridge
My ain kind dearie O.

In mirkest glen, at midnight hour, darkest
I'd rove, and ne'er be eerie O, frightened
If through that glen I gaed to thee,
My ain kind dearie O.
Although the night were ne'er sae wild,
And I were ne'er sae weary O,
I'd meet thee on the lea-rig,
My ain kind dearie O.

The hunter lo'es the morning sun,
To rouse the mountain deer, my jo;
At noon the fisher seeks the glen,
Along the burn to steer, my jo;
Gie me the hour o' gloamin' gray, twilight
It maks my heart sae cheery O,
To meet thee on the lea-rig,
My ain kind dearie O.

December 1st, 1792.

[1] For "scented birks," in some copies "birken buds."

AULD ROB MORRIS.

Auld Rob Morris was written by Burns on the basis of a rude old ditty which appears in *Johnson's Museum*, and of which he retained only the two initial lines. The second stanza was designed as a description of Charlotte Hamilton. So Burns himself told Miss Dunlop, who communicated the fact to Major Adair, Charlotte's son, who again is my informant.

THERE'S auld Rob Morris that wons in yon glen, dwells
He's the king o' guid fellows and wale o' auld men ; choice
He has gowd in his coffers, he has owsen and kine,
And ae bonny lassie, his darling and mine.

She's fresh as the morning, the fairest in May;
She's sweet as the evening amang the new hay;
As blithe and as artless as the lambs on the lea,
And dear to my heart as the light to my ee.

But oh! she's an heiress, auld Robin's a laird,
And my daddie has nought but a cot-house and yard;

A wooer like me maunna hope to
come speed, succeed
The wounds I must hide that will soon be my
dead. death

The day comes to me, but delight brings me
nane;
The night comes to me, but my rest it is gane;
I wander my lane like a night-troubled alone
ghaist,
And I sigh as my heart it wad burst in my
breast.

O had she but been of a lower degree,
I then might hae hoped she wad smiled upon
me!
O how past descriving had then been my bliss,
As now my distraction no words can express!

DUNCAN GRAY.

Duncan Gray is likewise composed on the basis, and to the tune, of a rude old song in *Johnson's Museum*, the name of the hero being alone retained.

Duncan Gray cam here to woo,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't!

On blithe Yule-night when we were fou', mellow
Ha, ha, the wooing o't!
Maggie coost her head fu' high,
Looked asklent and unco skeigh, askant — coy
Gart poor Duncan stand abeigh; made — aloof
Ha, ha, the wooing o't!

Duncan fleeched, and Duncan prayed; flattered
Ha, ha, etc.;
Meg was deaf as Ailsa Craig,[1]
Ha, ha, etc.
Duncan sighed baith out and in,
Gret his een baith bleert and blin', wept — bleared
Spak o' lowpin' owre a linn; waterfall
Ha, ha, etc.

Time and chance are but a tide,
Ha, ha, etc.;
Slighted love is sair to bide,
Ha, ha, etc.
Shall I, like a fool, quoth he,
For a haughty hizzie die? hussy
She may gae to — France for me!
Ha, ha, etc.

How it comes let doctors tell,
Ha, ha, etc.;
Meg grew sick as he grew heal, well
Ha, ha, etc.

[1] A well-known rocky islet in the Firth of Clyde.

Something in her bosom wrings,
For relief a sigh she brings;
And oh, her een, they spak sic things!
Ha, ha, etc.

Duncan was a lad o' grace,
Ha, ha, etc.;
Maggie's was a piteous case,
Ha, ha, etc.
Duncan couldna be her death,
Swelling pity smoored his wrath;
Now they're crouse and canty baith; merry and happy
Ha, ha, etc.

HERE'S A HEALTH TO THEM THAT'S AWA'.

TUNE — *Here's a Health to them that's awa'.*

Burns had continued to sympathize with the French, notwithstanding all blots in their reforming career. He did not hesitate in company to express an unfavorable opinion of the warlike policy about to be adopted by the English ministry, and to avow his persevering desire of those reforms which had long been demanded by the Whig party. He would even, in the heat of discourse, denounce public men in terms far less remarkable for their justice than their vehemence and severity. It is to be feared also that he gave voice to some of his feelings in the form which was the most apt to obtain currency for them, and thus expose their author. From the allusions, it seems highly probable that he at this time threw off the following song, complimentary to the leaders of the reforming party in the House of Commons.

HERE'S a health to them that's awa',
Here's a health to them that's awa';
And wha winna wish guid-luck to our cause,
May never guid-luck be their fa'! lot
It's guid to be merry and wise,
It's guid to be honest and true,

It's guid to support Caledonia's cause,
And bide by the buff and the blue.

Here's a health to them that's awa',
Here's a health to them that's awa';
Here's a health to Charlie,[1] the chief o' the clan,
Although that his band be sma'.
May Liberty meet wi' success!
May Prudence protect her frae evil!
May tyrants and Tyranny tine in the mist, be lost
And wander their way to the devil!

Here's a health to them that's awa',
Here's a health to them that's awa';
Here's a health to Tammie,[2] the Norland laddie,
That lives at the lug o' the law! ear
Here's freedom to him that wad read!
Here's freedom to him that wad write!
There's nane ever feared that the truth should be heard,
But they wham the truth wad indite.

Here's a health to them that's awa',
Here's a health to them that's awa';

[1] Charles James Fox. Buff and blue formed his well-known livery at the Westminster elections, and came to be an ensign of the Whig party generally.

[2] The Hon. Thomas Erskine, afterwards Lord Erskine.

Here's Chieftain M'Leod, a chieftain worth gowd,[1]
Though bred amang mountains o' snaw!
Here's friends on both sides of the Forth!
And friends on both sides of the Tweed!
And wha wad betray Old Albion's rights,
May they never eat of her bread!

SONG.

TUNE — *Cauld Kail in Aberdeen.*[2]

Mr. Gilbert Burns, in his memoranda as to heroines, written for Mr. Thomson, places opposite *Poortith Cauld* — "A Miss Jane Blackstock, afterwards Mrs. Whiter of Liverpool." In the manuscript, Mr. Thomson makes a pencil-note in the margin — "These verses, I humbly think, have too much of uneasy and cold reflection for the air, which is pleasing and rather gay than otherwise." The letter having apparently been returned to Burns, he adds: "The objections are just, but I cannot make it better. The *stuff* won't

[1] M'Leod of Dunvegan, Isle of Skye, at this time M. P. for the county of Inverness.

[2] This song is usually sung to the tune of *I had a Horse, I had nae mair.*

bear mending; yet, for private reasons, I should like to see it in print."

O POORTITH cauld, and restless love, poverty
Ye wreck my peace between ye;
Yet poortith a' I could forgive,
An 'twere na for my Jeanie.
O why should Fate sic pleasure have,
Life's dearest bands untwining?
Or why sae sweet a flower as love,
Depend on Fortune's shining?

This warld's wealth, when I think on
Its pride, and a' the lave o't, rest
Fie, fie on silly coward man
That he should be the slave o't!
O why, etc.

Her een sae bonny blue betray
How she repays my passion;
But prudence is her o'erword aye; burden of her song
She talks of rank and fashion!
O why, etc.

O wha can prudence think upon,
And sic a lassie by him?
O wha can prudence think upon,
And sae in love as I am?
O why, etc.

How blest the humble cotter's fate![1]
He wooes his simple dearie;
The silly bogles, wealth and state, phantoms
Can never make them eerie. fearful
O why, etc.

GALA WATER.[2]

THERE's braw, braw lads on Yarrow braes,
That wander through the blooming heather;

[1] In the original manuscript, "How blest the wild-wood Indian's fate."

[2] Some years before composing the present beautiful song, Burns had given to the *Scots Musical Museum* the following improved version of the original homely ballad, which, it may be mentioned, referred not to the lads, but to a *lass* of Gala Water: —

Braw, braw lads of Gala Water,
O braw lads of Gala Water!
I'll kilt my coats aboon my knee,
And follow my love through the water.

Sae fair her hair, sae brent her brow, smooth
Sae bonny blue her een, my dearie,
Sae white her teeth, sae sweet her mou', —
The mair I kiss she's aye my dearie.

O'er yon bank and o'er yon brae,
O'er yon moss amang the heather,

But Yarrow braes, nor Ettrick shaws, woods
Can match the lads o' Gala Water.

But there is ane, a secret ane,
Aboon them a' I lo'e him better; above
And I'll be his and he'll be mine,
The bonny lad o' Gala Water.

Although his daddie was nae laird,
And though I hae na meikle tocher; great dowry
Yet rich in kindest, truest love,
We'll tent our flocks by Gala Water. tend

It ne'er was wealth, it ne'er was wealth,
That coft contentment, peace, or pleasure; bought
The bands and bliss o' mutual love,
O that's the chiefest warld's treasure!

I'll kilt my coats aboon my knee,
And follow my love through the water.

Down amang the broom, the broom,
Down amang the broom, my dearie,
The lassie lost her silken snood,
That cost her monie a blirt and blear ee. cry

SONNET:

WRITTEN ON THE 25TH JANUARY, 1793, THE BIRTHDAY OF THE AUTHOR, ON HEARING A THRUSH SING IN A MORNING-WALK.

SING on, sweet thrush, upon the leafless bough,
Sing on, sweet bird, I listen to thy strain;
See aged Winter, 'mid his surly reign,
At thy blithe carol clears his furrowed brow.

So in lone Poverty's dominion drear,
Sits meek Content with light unanxious heart;
Welcomes the rapid moments, bids them part,
Nor asks if they bring ought to hope or fear.

I thank thee, Author of this opening day!
Thou whose bright sun now gilds yon orient skies!
Riches denied, thy boon was purer joys,
What wealth could never give nor take away!

Yet come, thou child of Poverty and Care,
The mite high Heaven bestowed, that mite with thee I'll share.

LORD GREGORY.

"The very name of Peter Pindar is an acquisition to your work.[1] His *Gregory* is beautiful. I have tried to give you a set of stanzas in Scots on the same sub-

[1] "The song of Dr. Wolcot (Peter Pindar) on the same subject, is as follows: —

"'Ah ope, Lord Gregory, thy door!
A midnight wanderer sighs;
Hard rush the rains, the tempests roar,
And lightnings cleave the skies.'

"'Who comes with woe at this drear night —
A pilgrim of the gloom?
If she whose love did once delight,
My cot shall yield her room.'

"'Alas! thou heard'st a pilgrim mourn,
That once was prized by thee:
Think of the ring by yonder burn
Thou gav'st to love and me.

"'But shouldst thou not poor Marion know,
I'll turn my feet and part;
And think the storms that round me blow
Far kinder than thy heart.'

It is but doing justice to Dr. Wolcot, to mention that his song is the original. Mr. Burns saw it, liked it, and immediately wrote the other on the same subject, which is derived from the old Scottish ballad of uncertain origin." — CURRIE.

ject, which are at your service. Not that I intend to enter the lists with Peter — that would be presumption indeed! My song, though much inferior in poetic merit, has, I think, more of the ballad simplicity in it. — *Burns to Mr. Thomson, 26th January*, 1793.

O MIRK, mirk is this midnight hour,
And loud the tempest's roar;
A waefu' wanderer seeks thy tower,
Lord Gregory, ope thy door.

An exile frae her father's ha',
And a' for loving thee;
At least some *pity* on me shaw,
If *love* it may na be.

Lord Gregory, mind'st thou not the grove
By bonny Irwine side,
Where first I owned that virgin love
I lang, lang had denied?

How aften didst thou pledge and vow
Thou wad for aye be mine;
And my fond heart, itsel' sae true,
It ne'er mistrusted thine.

Hard is thy heart, Lord Gregory,
And flinty is thy breast:
Thou dart of heaven that flashest by,
O wilt thou give me rest!

Ye mustering thunders from above,
Your willing victim see!
But spare and pardon my fause love,
His wrangs to Heaven and me!

WANDERING WILLIE.

An imaginary address of Clarinda to her husband, from whom she had received overtures of reconciliation.

HERE awa', there awa', wandering Willie,
Now tired with wandering, haud awa' hame;
Come to my bosom, my ae only dearie,
And tell me thou bring'st me my Willie the same.

Loud blew the cauld winter winds at our parting,
It wasna the blast brought the tear in my ee;
Now welcome the simmer, and welcome my Willie —
The simmer to nature, my Willie to me.

Ye hurricanes, rest in the cave of your slumbers,
O how your wild horrors a lover alarms!
Awaken, ye breezes! row gently, ye billows! roll
And waft my dear laddie ance mair to my arms!

But if he's forgotten his faithfulest Nannie,
O still flow between us, thou wide-roaring main!

May I never see it, may I never trow it,
But, dying, believe that my Willie's my ain![1]

March, 1793.

[1] "Your *Here awa', Willie* must undergo some alterations to suit the air. Mr. Erskine and I have been conning it over; he will suggest what is necessary to make them a fit match." — *Mr. Thomson to Burns, 2d April*, 1793.

Wandering Willie, as altered by Mr. Erskine and Mr. Thomson: —

Here awa', there awa', wandering Willie,
Here awa', there awa', haud awa' hame;
Come to my bosom, my ain only dearie,
Tell me thou bring'st me my Willie the same.

Winter winds blew loud and caul' at our parting,
Fears for my Willie brought tears in my ee;
Welcome now simmer, and welcome my Willie,
As simmer to nature, so Willie to me.

Rest, ye wild storms, in the cave o' your slumbers,
How your dread howling a lover alarms!
Blow soft, ye breezes! roll gently, ye billows!
And waft my dear laddie ance mair to my arms.

But oh, if he's faithless, and minds na his Nannie,
Flow still between us, thou dark-heaving main!
May I never see it, may I never trow it,
While, dying, I think that my Willie's my ain.

Our poet, with his usual judgment, adopted some of these alterations, and rejected others. The last edition is as follows: —

Here awa', there awa', wandering Willie,
Here awa', there awa', haud awa' hame;

Come to my bosom, my ain only dearie,
Tell me thou bring'st me my Willie the same.

Winter winds blew loud and cauld at our parting,
Fears for my Willie brought tears in my ee;
Welcome now simmer, and welcome my Willie —
The simmer to nature, my Willie to me.

Rest, ye wild storms, in the cave of your slumbers,
How your dread howling a lover alarms!
Wauken, ye breezes! row gently, ye billows!
And waft my dear laddie ance mair to my arms!

But oh, if he's faithless, and minds na his Nannie,
Flow still between us, thou wide-roaring main!
May I never see it, may I never trow it,
But, dying, believe that my Willie's my ain.

"From the original song of *Here awa'*, *Willie*, Burns has borrowed nothing but the second line and part of the first. The superior excellence of this beautiful poem will, it is hoped, justify the different editions of it which we have given." — CURRIE.

OPEN THE DOOR TO ME, OH!

"O OPEN the door, some pity to shew,
O open the door to me, oh!
Though thou hast been false, I'll ever prove true,
O open the door to me, oh!

"Cauld is the blast upon my pale cheek,
But caulder thy love for me, oh!
The frost that freezes the life at my heart,
Is nought to my pains frae thee, oh!

"The wan moon is setting behind the white wave,
And time is setting with me, oh!
False friends, false love, farewell! for mair
I'll ne'er trouble them, nor thee, oh!"

She has opened the door, she has opened it wide;
She sees his pale corse on the plain, oh!
"My true love!" she cried, and sank down by his side,
Never to rise again, oh!

YOUNG JESSIE.

TUNE — *Bonny Dundee.*

In this song, Burns meant a compliment to Miss Janet Staig, second daughter of the Provost of Dumfries, and subsequently the wife of Major William Miller, one of the sons of the poet's former landlord. Mrs. Miller must have now been a very young lady, for her monument in Dumfries church-yard states that she died in March 1801, at the early age of twenty-six.

TRUE-HEARTED was he, the sad swain o' the Yarrow,
And fair are the maids on the banks o' the Ayr;
But by the sweet side o' the Nith's winding river,
Are lovers as faithful, and maidens as fair.
To equal young Jessie seek Scotland[1] all over;
To equal young Jessie you seek it in vain;
Grace, beauty, and elegance fetter her lover,
And maidenly modesty fixes the chain.

[1] Burns had written "Scotia," which Mr. Thomson altered to "Scotland."

O fresh is the rose in the gay dewy morning,
And sweet is the lily at evening close;
But in the fair presence o' lovely young Jessie
Unseen is the lily, unheeded the rose.
Love sits in her smile, a wizard ensnaring,
Enthroned in her een he delivers his law;
And still to her charms she alone is a stranger —
Her modest demeanour's the jewel of a'!

THE SOLDIER'S RETURN.[1]

TUNE— *The Mill, Mill O!*

WHEN wild War's deadly blast was blawn,
And gentle Peace returning,

[1] "Burns, I have been informed, was one summer evening at the inn at Brownhill with a couple of friends, when a poor wayworn soldier passed the window: of a sudden, it struck the poet to call him in, and get the story of his adventures; after listening to which, he all at once fell into one of those fits of abstraction not unusual with him. He was lifted to the region where he had his 'garland and singing robes about him' and the result was the admirable song which he sent you for *The Mill, Mill O!*" — *Correspondent of Mr. George Thomson.* Mill-Mannoch, a sweet pastoral scene on the Coyl, near Coylton Kirk, is supposed to have been the spot where the poet imagined the rencontre of the soldier and his mistress to have taken place.

Wi' monie a sweet babe fatherless,
And monie a widow mourning,[1]
I left the lines and tented field,
Where lang I'd been a lodger,
My humble knapsack a' my wealth —
A poor but honest sodger.

A leal, light heart was in my breast,
My hand unstained wi' plunder;
And for fair Scotia, hame again,
I cheery on did wander.
I thought upon the banks o' Coyl,
I thought upon my Nancy;
I thought upon the witching smile
That caught my youthful fancy.

At length I reached the bonny glen
Where early life I sported;
I passed the mill, and trysting-thorn,
Where Nancy aft I courted:
Wha spied I but my ain dear maid
Down by her mother's dwelling!
And turned me round to hide the flood
That in my e'en was swelling.

Wi' altered voice, quoth I, "Sweet lass,
Sweet as yon hawthorn's blossom,

[1] Variation —

"And eyes again with pleasure beamed,
That had been bleared with mourning."

O happy, happy may he be,
That's dearest to thy bosom!
My purse is light, I've far to gang,
And fain would be thy lodger;
I've served my king and country lang—
Take pity on a sodger!"

Sae wistfully she gazed on me,
And lovelier was than ever;
Quo' she, "A sodger ance I lo'ed,
Forget him shall I never:
Our humble cot and hamely fare
Ye freely shall partake o't;
That gallant badge, the dear cockade,
Ye're welcome for the sake o't."

She gazed — she reddened like a rose —
Syne pale like ony lily;
She sank within my arms, and cried,
"Art thou my ain dear Willie?"
"By Him who made yon sun and sky,
By whom true love's regarded,
I am the man; and thus may still
True lovers be rewarded.

"The wars are o'er, and I'm come hame,
And find thee still true-hearted!
Though poor in gear, we're rich in love,
And mair we'se ne'er be parted."
Quo' she, "My grandsire left me gowd,

A mailen plenished fairly; farm
And come, my faithfu' sodger lad,
Thou'rt welcome to it dearly."

For gold the merchant ploughs the main,
The farmer ploughs the manor;
But glory is the sodger's prize,
The sodger's wealth is honour.
The brave poor sodger ne'er despise,
Nor count him as a stranger;
Remember he's his country's stay
In day and hour of danger.

MEG O' THE MILL.

AIR — *O Bonny Lass, will you lie in a Barrack?*

O KEN ye what Meg o' the Mill has gotten?
And ken ye what Meg o' the Mill has gotten?
She has gotten a coof wi' a claut o' fool — lump
siller,
And broken the heart o' the barley Miller.

The Miller was strappin', the Miller was ruddy,
A heart like a lord, and a hue like a lady;

The Laird was a widdiefu', bleerit knurl;[1] —
She's left the guidfellow and taen the churl.

The Miller he hecht her a heart leal and loving; offered
The Laird did address her wi' matter more moving,
A fine pacing horse wi' a clear chainèd bridle,
A whip by her side, and a bonny side-saddle.

O wae on the siller, it is sae prevailing!
And wae on the love that is fixed on a mailen! estate
A tocher's nae word in a true lover's parle,
But gie me my love, and a fig for the warl![2]

YESTREEN I GOT A PINT OF WINE.

"*Shepherds, I have lost my Love!* is to me a heavenly air — what would you think of a set of Scottish verses to it? I have made one to it, a good while ago,

[1] A poor little creature.

[2] The poet had retouched an old song of this name for *Johnson's Museum* in 1788. It appeared in the sixth volume, as "written for this work by Robert Burns," but is so rude and wretched a production, that we cannot believe many words of it to have been supplied by so masterly a pen.

which I think * * *, but in its original state it is not quite a lady's song. I enclose an altered, not amended, copy for you, if you choose to set the tune to it, and let the Irish verses follow."— *Burns to Mr. Thomson, 7th April*, 1793.

Mr. Thomson, it appears, did not approve of this song, even in its altered state. It does not appear in the correspondence; but it is probably one which stands in his manuscripts as follows:

YESTREEN I got a pint of wine,
A place where body saw na;
Yestreen lay on this breast of mine
The gowden locks of Anna.
The hungry Jew in wilderness,
Rejoicing o'er his manna,
Was naething to my hinny bliss — honey
Upon the lips of Anna.

Ye monarchs, tak the east and west,
Frae Indus to Savannah:
Gie me within my straining grasp
The melting form of Anna.
There I'll despise imperial charms,
An empress or sultana,
While dying raptures in her arms
I give and take with Anna!

Awa', thou flaunting god o' day!
Awa', thou pale Diana!
Ilk star gae hide thy twinkling ray,
When I'm to meet my Anna.

Come, in thy raven plumage, Night!
Sun, moon, and stars withdrawn a';
And bring an angel pen to write
My transports wi' my Anna!

YOU'RE WELCOME TO DESPOTS, DUMOURIER.

Burns was not quite a silent and complying observer of the war carried on against the patriotic party in France.

When General Dumourier, after unparalleled victories, deserted the army of the Republic, April 5, 1793, only prevented by narrow accidents from betraying his troops into the hands of the enemy, some one expressing joy in the event where Burns was present, he chanted almost extempore the following verses to the tune of *Robin Adair*.

YOU'RE welcome to Despots, Dumourier;
You're welcome to Despots, Dumourier.
How does Dampierre do?
Ay, and Beurnonville too?[1]
Why did they not come along with you, Dumourier?

[1] Dampierre was one of Dumourier's generals, whom he expected to desert along with him. Beurnonville was an

I will fight France with you, Dumourier;
I will fight France with you, Dumourier;
I will fight France with you,
I will take my chance with you;
By my soul, I'll dance a dance with you, Dumourier.

Then let us fight about, Dumourier;
Then let us fight about, Dumourier;
Then let us fight about,
Till freedom's spark is out,
Then we'll be damned, no doubt — Dumourier.

THE LAST TIME I CAME O'ER THE MOOR.

The sentiments expressed in this song are not pleasing. They hint at a discreditable passion, in which no pure mind could possibly sympathize; therefore they must be held as unfitted for song. It can scarcely be doubted that they were suggested by some roving sensations of the bard towards the too-witching Mrs. Riddel, though that these bore no great proportion to the

emissary of the Convention, so much his friend that he had similar hopes of him, which, however, were disappointed The latter person lived to figure in the crisis of the Restoration in 1814.

mere *métier* of the artist aiming at a certain literary effect is equally probable. It will be found that Burns afterwards made considerable alterations in the song.

THE last time I came o'er the moor,
And left Maria's dwelling,
What throes, what tortures passing cure,
Were in my bosom swelling;
Condemned to see my rival's reign,
While I in secret languish;
To feel a fire in every vein,
Yet dare not speak my anguish.

Love's veriest wretch, despairing, I
Fain, fain my crime would cover:
The unweeting groan, the bursting sigh,
Betray the guilty lover.
I know my doom must be despair,
Thou wilt nor canst relieve me;
But, O Maria, hear my prayer,
For pity's sake, forgive me!

The music of thy tongue I heard,
Nor wist while it enslaved me;
I saw thine eyes, yet nothing feared,
Till fears no more had saved me.
The unwary sailor thus aghast
The wheeling torrent viewing,
In circling horrors yields at last
In overwhelming ruin!

April, 1793.

BLITHE HAE I BEEN ON YON HILL.

TUNE — *Liggeram Cosh.*

BLITHE hae I been on yon hill,
As the lambs before me;
Careless ilka thought and free,
As the breeze flew o'er me:
Now nae longer sport and play,
Mirth or sang can please me;
Lesley is sae fair and coy,
Care and anguish seize me.

Heavy, heavy is the task,
Hopeless love declaring;
Trembling, I dow nocht but glower, can — stare
Sighing, dumb, despairing!
If she winna ease the thraws throes
In my bosom swelling,
Underneath the grass-green sod,
Soon maun be my dwelling.

June, 1793.

LOGAN BRAES.

TUNE — *Logan Water*.[1]

"Have you ever, my dear sir, felt your bosom ready to burst with indignation, on reading of those mighty villains who divide kingdom against kingdom, desolate provinces, and lay nations waste, out of the wantonness of ambition, or often from still more ignoble passions? In a mood of this kind to-day I recollected the air of *Logan Water*, and it occurred to me that its querulous melody probably had its origin from the plaintive indignation of some swelling, suffering heart, fired at the tyrannic strides of some public destroyer, and overwhelmed with private distress, the consequence of a country's ruin. If I have done anything

[1] The air of *Logan Water* is old, and there are several old songs to it. Immediately before the rise of Burns, Mr. John Mayne, who afterwards became known for a poem, entitled the *Siller Gun*, wrote a very agreeable song to the air, beginning,

"By Logan's streams, that rin sae deep."

It was published in the *Star* newspaper, May 23, 1789. Burns having heard that song, and supposing it to be an old composition, adopted into the above a couplet from it, which he admired —

"While my dear lad maun face his faes,
Far, far frae me and Logan braes."

at all like justice to my feelings, the following song, composed in three quarters of an hour's meditation in my elbow-chair, ought to have some merit."—*Burns to Mr. Thomson, 25th June*, 1793.

O LOGAN, sweetly didst thou glide
That day I was my Willie's bride!
And years sinsyne hae o'er us run, since
Like Logan to the simmer sun.
But now thy flowery banks appear
Like drumlie Winter, dark and drear, clouded
While my dear lad maun face his faes,
Far, far frae me and Logan braes.

Again the merry month o' May
Has made our hills and valleys gay;
The birds rejoice in leafy bowers,
The bees hum round the breathing flowers;
Blithe Morning lifts his rosy eye,
And Evening's tears are tears of joy:
My soul, delightless, a' surveys,
While Willie's far frae Logan braes.

Within yon milkwhite hawthorn-bush,
Amang her nestlings sits the thrush;
Her faithfu' mate will share her toil,
Or wi' his songs her cares beguile:
But I wi' my sweet nurslings here,
Nae mate to help, nae mate to cheer,
Pass widowed nights and joyless days,
While Willie's far frae Logan braes.

O wae upon you, men o' state,
That brethren rouse to deadly hate!
As ye make many a fond heart mourn,
Sae may it on your heads return!
How can your flinty hearts enjoy
The widow's tear, the orphan's cry?[1]
But soon may peace bring happy days,
And Willie hame to Logan braes!

O WERE MY LOVE YON LILAC FAIR.

"Do you know the following beautiful little fragment, in Witherspoon's collection of Scots songs?

"AIR — *Hughie Graham.*

"O gin my love were yon red rose,
That grows upon the castle wa';
And I mysel' a drap o' dew
Into her bonny breast to fa'!

"O there, beyond expression blest,
I'd feast on beauty a' the night;

[1] Originally —

"Ye mind na, 'mid your cruel joys,
The widow's tears, the orphan's cries."

Sealed on her silk-saft faulds to rest,
Till fleyed awa' by Phœbus' light! frightened

"This thought is inexpressibly beautiful, and quite, so far as I know, original. It is too short for a song, else I would forswear you altogether, unless you gave it a place. I have often tried to eke a stanza to it, but in vain. After balancing myself for a musing five minutes, on the hind-legs of my elbow-chair, I produced the following.

"The verses are far inferior to the foregoing, I frankly confess; but if worthy of insertion at all, they might be first in place, as every poet who knows anything of his trade will husband his best thoughts for a concluding stroke." — *Burns to Mr. Thomson, 25th June*, 1793.

O WERE my love yon lilac fair,
Wi' purple blossoms to the spring;
And I, a bird to shelter there,
When wearied on my little wing!

How I wad mourn, when it was torn
By autumn wild, and winter rude!
But I wad sing on wanton wing
When youthfu' May its bloom renewed.

BONNY JEAN.

"I have just finished the following ballad, and, as I do think it in my best style, I send it you.

"The heroine is Miss Macmurdo, daughter to Mr. Macmurdo of Drumlanrig. I have not painted her in the rank which she holds in life, but in the dress and character of a cottager." — *Burns to Mr. Thomson, 2d July*, 1793.

THERE was a lass, and she was fair,
At kirk and market to be seen;
When a' the fairest maids were met,
The fairest maid was bonny Jean.

And aye she wrought her mammie's wark,
And aye she sang sae merrilie:
The blithest bird upon the bush
Had ne'er a lighter heart than she.

But hawks will rob the tender joys
That bless the little lintwhite's nest; linnet
And frost will blight the fairest flowers,
And love will break the soundest rest.

Young Robie was the brawest lad,
The flower and pride of a' the glen;

And he had owsen, sheep, and kye,
And wanton naigies nine or ten.

He gaed wi' Jeanie to the tryste,
He danced wi' Jeanie on the down;
And lang ere witless Jeanie wist,
Her heart was tint, her peace was stown. lost

As in the bosom o' the stream
The moonbeam dwells at dewy e'en,
So trembling, pure, was tender love
Within the breast o' bonny Jean.[1]

And now she works her mammie's wark,
And aye she sighs wi' care and pain;
Yet wist na what her ail might be,
Or what wad mak her weel again.

But did na Jeanie's heart loup light,
And did na joy blink in her e'e,
As Robie tauld a tale o' love
Ae e'enin' on the lily lea?

The sun was sinking in the west,
The birds sang sweet in ilka grove;
His cheek to hers he fondly prest,
And whispered thus his tale o' love:

[1] "In the original manuscript, our poet asks Mr. Thomson if this stanza is not original." — CURRIE.

"O Jeanie fair, I lo'e thee dear;
O canst thou think to fancy me?
Or wilt thou leave thy mammie's cot,
And learn to tent the farms wi' me? tend

"At barn or byre thou shalt na drudge, cow-house
Or naething else to trouble thee;
But stray amang the heather-bells,
And tent the waving corn wi' me."

Now what could artless Jeanie do?
She had nae will to say him na;
At length she blushed a sweet consent,
And love was aye between them twa.

PHILLIS THE FAIR.

TUNE — *Robin Adair.*

"I have tried my hand on *Robin Adair*, and, you will probably think, with little success; but it is such a cursed, cramp, out-of-the-way measure, that I despair of doing anything better to it." — *Burns to Mr. Thomson, August*, 1793.

WHILE larks with little wing
Fanned the pure air,
Tasting the breathing spring,

Forth I did fare:
Gay the sun's golden eye
Peeped o'er the mountains high;
Such thy morn! did I cry,
Phillis the fair.

In each bird's careless song
Glad did I share;
While yon wild-flowers among,
Chance led me there:
Sweet to the opening day,
Rosebuds bent the dewy spray;
Such thy bloom! did I say,
Phillis the fair.

Down in a shady walk
Doves cooing were;
I marked the cruel hawk
Caught in a snare:
So kind may fortune be,
Such make his destiny,
He who would injure thee,
Phillis the fair.[1]

[1] "So much for namby-pamby. I may, after all, try my hand on it in Scots verse. There I always find myself most at home." — *B.*

Burns is understood to have, in *Phillis the Fair*, represented the tender feelings which Clarke entertained towards Miss Philadelphia M'Murdo, one of his pupils. This lady afterwards became Mrs. Norman Lockhart, of Carnwath.

HAD I A CAVE.

TUNE — *Robin Adair.*

"That crinkum-crankum tune, *Robin Adair*, has run so in my head, and I succeeded so ill in my last attempt, that I have ventured, in this morning's walk, one essay more. You, my dear sir, will remember an unfortunate part of our worthy friend Cunningham's story, which happened about three years ago.[1] That struck my fancy, and I endeavoured to do the idea justice as follows." — *Burns to Mr. Thomson, August*, 1793.

HAD I a cave on some wild distant shore,
Where the winds howl to the waves' dashing roar,
There would I weep my woes,
There seek my lost repose,
Till grief my eyes should close,
Ne'er to wake more!

Falsest of womankind! canst thou declare
All thy fond-plighted vows fleeting as air!
To thy new lover hie,
Laugh o'er thy perjury;
Then in thy bosom try
What peace is there!

[1] Cunningham had wooed a young lady of many personal attractions; but, on another lover presenting himself, with some superior pretensions of an extrinsic character, she deserted the poet's friend with a degree of coolness which seems to have for the time excited great and general surprise.

BY ALLAN STREAM I CHANCED TO ROVE.

TUNE — *Allan Water.*

"I walked out yesterday evening with a volume of the *Museum* in my hand, when, turning up *Allan Water*, *What Numbers shall the Muse repeat*, etc., as the words appeared to me rather unworthy of so fine an air, and recollecting that it is on your list, I sat and raved under the shade of an old thorn, till I wrote one to suit the measure. I may be wrong, but I think it not in my worst style. You must know that in Ramsay's *Tea-Table*, where the modern song first appeared, the ancient name of the tune, Allan says, is *Allan Water*, or *My Love Annie's very Bonny*. This last has certainly been a line of the original song; so I took up the idea, and, as you will see, have introduced the line in its place, which I presume it formerly occupied." — *Burns to Mr. Thomson, August*, 1793.

By Allan stream I chanced to rove,
While Phœbus sank beyond Benledi;
The winds were whispering through the grove,
The yellow corn was waving ready.
I listened to a lover's sang,
And thought on youthfu' pleasures monie;
And aye the wild-wood echoes rang —
Oh, dearly do I love thee, Annie!

Oh, happy be the woodbine bower,
Nae nightly bogle make it eerie;
Nor ever sorrow stain the hour,
The place and time I met my dearie!
Her head upon my throbbing breast,
She, sinking, said: "I'm thine for ever!"
While monie a kiss the seal imprest,
The sacred vow, we ne'er should sever.

The haunt o' Spring's the primrose brae,
The Simmer joys the flocks to follow;
How cheery through her shortening day,
Is Autumn, in her weeds o' yellow!
But can they melt the glowing heart,
Or chain the soul in speechless pleasure?
Or through each nerve the rapture dart,
Like meeting her, our bosom's treasure?

WHISTLE, AND I'LL COME TO YOU, MY LAD.

TUNE—*Whistle, and I'll come to you, my Lad.*

O WHISTLE, and I'll come to you, my lad,
O whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad;
Though father and mither and a' should gae mad,
O whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad.

But warily tent, when ye come to court me,
And come na unless the back-yett be gate
a-jee; ajar
Syne up the back-stile, and let naebody see,
And come as ye were na comin' to me.

At kirk, or at market, whene'er ye meet me,
Gang by me as though that ye cared nae a flie;
But steal me a blink o' your bonny black e'e,
Yet look as ye were na lookin' at me.

Aye vow and protest that ye care na for me,
And whiles ye may lightly my beauty undervalue
a wee;
But court na anither, though jokin' ye be,
For fear that she wile your fancy frae me.[1]

August, 1793.

[1] The two first stanzas of this song had appeared in the second volume of the *Scots Musical Museum*.

ADOWN WINDING NITH I DID WANDER.

TUNE. — *The Mucking o' Geordie's Byre.*

ADOWN winding Nith I did wander,
To mark the sweet flowers as they spring;
Adown winding Nith I did wander,
Of Phillis to muse and to sing.

CHORUS.

Awa' wi' your belles and your beauties,
They never wi' her can compare;
Whaever has met wi' my Phillis,
Has met wi' the queen o' the fair.

The daisy amused my fond fancy,
So artless, so simple, so wild;
Thou emblem, said I, o' my Phillis,
For she is Simplicity's child.

The rose-bud's the blush o' my charmer,
Her sweet balmy lip when 'tis prest:
How fair and how pure is the lily, —
But fairer and purer her breast.

Yon knot of gay flowers in the arbour,
They ne'er wi' my Phillis can vie:
Her breath is the breath o' the woodbine,
Its dew-drop o' diamond her eye.

Her voice is the song of the morning,
That wakes through the green-spreading grove,
When Phœbus peeps over the mountains,
On music, and pleasure, and love.

But, beauty, how frail and how fleeting —
The bloom of a fine summer's day!
While worth in the mind o' my Phillis
Will flourish without a decay.

August, 1793.

COME, LET ME TAKE THEE TO MY BREAST.

AIR — *Cauld Kail.*

"The last stanza of this song I send you is the very words that Coila taught me many years ago, and which I set to an old Scots reel in *Johnson's Museum*." — *Burns to Mr. Thomson, August*, 1793.

COME, let me take thee to my breast,
And pledge we ne'er shall sunder;

And I shall spurn as vilest dust
The warld's wealth and grandeur.
And do I hear my Jeanie own
That equal transports move her?
I ask for dearest life alone
That I may live to love her.

Thus in my arms, wi' all thy charms,
I clasp my countless treasure;
I'll seek nae mair o' heaven to share,
Than sic a moment's pleasure:
And by thy e'en sae bonny blue,
I swear I'm thine for ever!
And on thy lips I seal my vow,
And break it shall I never!

DAINTY DAVIE.

TUNE — *Dainty Davie.*

"My dear sir, I have written you already by to-day's post, where I hinted at a song of mine which might suit *Dainty Davie.* I have been looking over another and a better song of mine in the *Museum*, which I have altered as follows, and which I am persuaded will please you." — *Burns to Mr. Thomson, August*, 1793.

The tune of *Dainty Davie* had been in Burns's hands some years before, when he composed to it a song with the awkward burden, *The Gardener wi' his Paidle.*[1]

Now rosy May comes in wi' flowers,
To deck her gay, green-spreading bowers;
And now come in my happy hours,
To wander wi' my Davie.

CHORUS.

Meet me on the warlock knowe, knoll
Dainty Davie, dainty Davie;
There I'll spend the day wi' you,
My ain dear dainty Davie.

The crystal waters round us fa',
The merry birds are lovers a',
The scented breezes round us blaw,
A-wandering wi' my Davie.

When purple Morning starts the hare,
To steal upon her early fare,
Then through the dews I will repair,
To meet my faithfu' Davie.

When Day, expiring in the west,
The curtain draws o' Nature's rest,
I flee to his arms I lo'e best,
And that's my ain dear Davie.

[1] See vol. ii. p. 231.

BRUCE TO HIS MEN AT BANNOCKBURN.

TUNE — *Hey, tuttie taitie.*

"There is a tradition, which I have met with in many places in Scotland — that it [the air *Hey, tuttie taitie*] was Robert Bruce's march at the battle of Bannockburn. This thought, in my yesternight's evening-walk, warmed me to a pitch of enthusiasm on the theme of liberty and independence, which I threw into a kind of Scottish ode, fitted to the air, that one might suppose to be the gallant royal Scot's address to his heroic followers on that eventful morning." — *Burns to Mr. Thomson, Sept.* 1793.

Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled,
Scots, wham Bruce has aften led,
Welcome to your gory bed,
Or to victory!

Now's the day, and now's the hour;
See the front o' battle lour;
See approach proud Edward's power —
Chains and slavery!

Wha will be a traitor knave?
Wha can fill a coward's grave?

Wha sae base as be a slave?
Let him turn and flee!

Wha for Scotland's king and law
Freedom's sword will strongly draw,
Freeman stand, or freeman fa',
Let him follow me!

By oppression's woes and pains!
By your sons in servile chains!
We will drain our dearest veins,
But they shall be free!

Lay the proud usurpers low!
Tyrants fall in every foe!
Liberty's in every blow! —
Let us do or die![1]

[1] "So may God ever defend the cause of truth and liberty, as He did that day! Amen.

"*P. S.* — I shewed the air to Urbani, who was highly pleased with it, and begged me to make soft verses for it; but I had no idea of giving myself any trouble on the subject, till the accidental recollection of that glorious struggle for freedom, associated with the glowing ideas of some other struggles of the same nature, *not quite so ancient*, roused my rhyming mania." — *B.*

BEHOLD THE HOUR!

TUNE — *Oran Gaoil.*

This piece, though sent Mr. Thomson in September, 1793, as "glowing from the mint," is only slightly altered from a song dedicated to Clarinda nearly two years before.

BEHOLD the hour, the boat arrive!
Thou goest, thou darling of my heart!
Severed from thee, can I survive?
But fate has willed, and we must part.
I'll often greet this surging swell,
Yon distant isle will often hail:
"E'en here I took the last farewell;
There, latest marked her vanished sail."

Along the solitary shore,
While flitting sea-fowl round me cry,
Across the rolling, dashing roar,
I'll westward turn my wistful eye,
Happy, thou Indian grove, I'll say,
Where now my Nancy's path may be!
While through thy sweets she loves to stray,
Oh, tell me, does she muse on me?

DOWN THE BURN, DAVIE.

"*Down the Burn, Davie* — I have this moment tried an alteration, leaving out the last half of the third stanza, and the first half of the last stanza." — *Burns to Mr. Thomson, Sept.* 1793.

As down the burn they took their way,
And through the flowery dale,
His cheek to hers he aft did lay,
And love was aye the tale.

With "Mary, when shall we return,
Sic pleasure to renew?"
Quoth Mary: "Love, I like the burn,
And aye shall follow you."

THOU HAST LEFT ME EVER.

TUNE — *Fee him, Father.*

"*Fee him, Father* — I enclose you Fraser's set of this tune when he plays it slow: in fact, he makes it the language of despair. I shall here give you two stanzas, in that style, merely to try if it will be any improvement. Were it possible, in singing, to give it half the pathos which Fraser gives it in playing, it would make an admirably pathetic song. I do not give these verses for any merit they have. I composed them at the time in which 'Patie Allan's mither died — that was about the back o' midnight,' and by the lee-side of a bowl of punch, which had overset every mortal in company except the hautbois and the Muse." — *Burns to Mr. Thomson, Sept.* 1793.

THOU hast left me ever, Jamie! thou hast left me ever;
Thou hast left me ever, Jamie! thou hast left me ever:
Aften hast thou vowed that death only should us sever;
Now thou'st left thy lass for aye — I maun see thee never, Jamie,
I'll see thee never.

Thou hast me forsaken, Jamie! thou hast me forsaken;
Thou hast me forsaken, Jamie! thou hast me forsaken:
Thou canst love anither jo, while my heart is breaking;
Soon my weary e'en I'll close — never mair to waken, Jamie,
Ne'er mair to waken![1]

BANNOCKBURN.

ROBERT BRUCE'S ADDRESS TO HIS ARMY.

Altered to suit the air *Lewie Gordon*, at the instance of Mr. Thomson.

Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled,
Scots, wham Bruce has aften led,
Welcome to your gory bed,
Or to glorious victory!

[1] It is surprising that Burns should have thought it necessary to substitute new verses for the old song to this air, which is one of the most exquisite effusions of genuine natural sentiment in the whole range of Scottish lyrical poetry. Its merit is now fully appreciated, while Burns's substitute song is scarcely ever sung.

Now's the day, and now's the hour;
See the front o' battle lour;
See approach proud Edward's power —
Edward! chains and slavery!

Wha will be a traitor knave?
Wha can fill a coward's grave?
Wha sae base as be a slave?
Traitor! coward! turn, and flee!

Wha for Scotland's king and law
Freedom's sword will strongly draw,
Freeman stand, or freeman fa',
Caledonian! on wi' me![1]

By oppression's woes and pains!
By your sons in servile chains!
We will drain our dearest veins,
But they shall be — shall be free!

Lay the proud usurpers low!
Tyrants fall in every foe!
Liberty's in every blow!
Forward! let us do or die![2]

[1] This verse stood when the change was first made: —

"Sodger! hero! on wi' me!"

[2] "I have borrowed the last stanza from the common stall edition of Wallace —

"'A false usurper sinks in every foe,
And liberty returns with every blow.'

A couplet worthy of Homer." — *B.*

WHERE ARE THE JOYS?

TUNE — *Saw ye my Father?*

This song as first written was sprinkled with a few Scottish words.

WHERE are the joys I have met in the morning,
That danced to the lark's early song?
Where is the peace that awaited my wandering,
At evening the wild-woods among?

No more a-winding the course of yon river,
And marking sweet flowerets so fair;
No more I trace the light footsteps of pleasure,
But sorrow and sad sighing care.

Is it that Summer's forsaken our valleys,
And grim, surly Winter is near?
No, no! the bees humming round the gay roses,
Proclaim it the pride of the year.

Fain would I hide what I fear to discover,
Yet long, long too well have I known,

All that has caused this wreck in my bosom
Is Jenny, fair Jenny, alone.

Time cannot aid me; my griefs are immortal;
Not[1] hope dare a comfort bestow:
Come, then, enamoured and fond of my anguish,
Enjoyment I'll seek in my wo.

September, 1793.

MY SPOUSE NANCY.

TUNE — *My Jo Janet.*

"HUSBAND, husband, cease your strife,
No longer idly rave, sir;
Though I am your wedded wife,
Yet I am not your slave, sir."

"One of us two must still obey,
Nancy, Nancy;
Is it man, or woman, say,
My spouse, Nancy?"

[1] So in manuscript — hitherto always printed *Nor*.

"If 'tis still the lordly word,
Service and obedience,
I'll desert my sovereign lord,
And so good-by allegiance!"

"Sad will I be, so bereft,
Nancy, Nancy;
Yet I'll try to make a shift,
My spouse, Nancy."

"My poor heart then break it must,
My last hour I'm near it:
When you lay me in the dust,
Think, think how you will bear it."

"I will hope and trust in Heaven,
Nancy, Nancy;
Strength to bear it will be given,
My spouse, Nancy."

"Well, sir, from the silent dead,
Still I'll try to daunt you;
Ever round your midnight bed
Horrid sprites shall haunt you."

"I'll wed another like my dear,
Nancy, Nancy;
Then all hell will fly for fear,
My spouse, Nancy."

APOLOGY TO MR. RIDDEL FOR A RUDENESS OFFERED HIS WIFE.

From whatever considerations, known or unknown, Mr. and Mrs. Riddel were unforgiving, though the breach did not become quite desperate at first.

THE friend whom wild from Wisdom's way,
The fumes of wine infuriate send
(Not moony madness more astray) —
Who but deplores that hapless friend?

Mine was th' insensate frenzied part,
Ah! why should I such scenes outlive? —
Scenes so abhorrent to my heart!
'Tis thine to pity and forgive.

MONODY

ON A LADY FAMED FOR HER CAPRICE.

Time passed on, and the original breach was probably made wider by the tittle-tattle of injudicious friends. Certain it is that Burns became deeply incensed against this pair of ancient friends, and stooped to express his rancor in strains truly unworthy of at least his heart, if not his head. It was in the following style that he lampooned the once admired Maria — a woman whom he had described as one of real talent, and who undoubtedly was so.

How cold is that bosom which folly once fired,
How pale is that cheek where the rouge lately glistened!
How silent that tongue which the echoes oft tired,
How dull is that ear which to flattery so listened!

If sorrow and anguish their exit await,
From friendship and dearest affection removed,
How doubly severer, Eliza, thy fate,
Thou diedst unwept, as thou livedst unloved.

Loves, Graces, and Virtues, I call not on you;
So shy, grave, and distant, ye shed not a tear;
But come, all ye offspring of Folly so true,
And flowers let us cull for Eliza's cold bier.

We'll search through the garden for each silly flower,
We'll roam through the forest for each idle weed;
But chiefly the nettle, so typical, shower,
For none e'er approached her but rued the rash deed.

We'll sculpture the marble, we'll measure the lay;
Here Vanity strums on her idiot lyre;
There keen Indignation shall dart on her prey,
Which spurning Contempt shall redeem from his ire.

THE EPITAPH.

Here lies, now a prey to insulting neglect,
What once was a butterfly, gay in life's beam:
Want only of wisdom denied her respect,
Want only of goodness denied her esteem.[1]

[1] "With the profoundest respect for your abilities; the most sincere esteem and ardent regard for your gentle heart and amiable manners; and the most fervent wish and prayer for

EPISTLE FROM ESOPUS TO MARIA.

The dramatic company which occasionally had a season in the little theatre behind the George Inn in Dumfries, was headed by Mr. James Williamson; and this hero had, like Burns, been admitted into the jocund circle at Woodley Park, [Mr. Riddel's]. Our poet had happened at this time to hear of a most extraordinary adventure having befallen Williamson and his associates, while performing at Whitehaven. The "bad Earl of Lonsdale" had committed the whole company to prison there as vagrants![1] Here were two favorite aversions of Burns brought into excitement at once, for he hated the Cumbrian lord with a perfect hatred, a feeling in which he was not singular. Fructifying upon the offence of Maria and the despotism of Lonsdale together, he conceived the idea of the following epistle, as from Williamson in his Whitehaven prison to the lady whose society he had lately enjoyed.

FROM those drear solitudes and frowsy cells,
Where infamy with sad repentance dwells;[2]

your welfare, peace, and bliss — I have the honour to be, madam, your most devoted humble servant, R. B."

Letter to Mrs. Riddel.

[1] See a communication in the *Kendal Mercury*, July 10, 1852.

[2] In these dread solitudes and awful cells,
Where heavenly pensive contemplation dwells, etc.

Epistle of Eloisa to Abelard.

Where turnkeys make the jealous portal fast,
And deal from iron hands the spare repast;
Where truant 'prentices, yet young in sin,
Blush at the curious stranger peeping in;
Where strumpets, relics of the drunken roar,
Resolve to drink, nay, half to whore no more;
Where tiny thieves not destined yet to swing,
Beat hemp for others, riper for the string:
From these dire scenes my wretched lines I
date,
To tell Maria her Esopus' fate.

"Alas! I feel I am no actor here!"[1]
'Tis real hangmen, real scourges bear!
Prepare, Maria, for a horrid tale
Will turn thy very rouge to deadly pale;
Will make thy hair, though erst from gipsy
polled,
By barber woven, and by barber sold,
Though twisted smooth with Harry's nicest
care,
Like hoary bristles to erect and stare.
The hero of the mimic scene, no more
I start in Hamlet, in Othello roar;
Or haughty chieftain, 'mid the din of arms,
In Highland bonnet woo Malvina's charms;
While sans culottes stoop up the mountain
high,

[1] Lyttelton's Prologue to Thomson's *Coriolanus*, spoken by Mr. Quin.

And steal from me Maria's prying eye.
Blest Highland bonnet! once my proudest dress,
Now prouder still, Maria's temples press.
I see her wave thy towering plumes afar,
And call each coxcomb to the wordy war;
I see her face the first of Ireland's sons,[1]
And even out-Irish his Hibernian bronze;
The crafty colonel[2] leaves the tartaned lines
For other wars, where he a hero shines;
The hopeful youth, in Scottish senate bred,
Who owns a Bushby's[3] heart without the head,
Comes 'mid a string of coxcombs to display,
That *veni*, *vidi*, *vici*, is his way;
The shrinking bard adown an alley skulks,
And dreads a meeting worse than Woolwich hulks;
(Though there, his heresies in church and state
Might well award him Muir and Palmer's fate:)
Still she undaunted reels and rattles on,
And dares the public like a noontide sun.

[1] The poet here enumerates several of Mrs. Riddel's visiting-friends. "Gillespie" has been noted as the name of the Irish gentleman first alluded to.

[2] Colonel M'Dowall, of Logan, noted as the Lothario of his county during many long years.

[3] Burns alludes in this poem to a family which in his day occupied a conspicuous place in Dumfriesshire society. Mr. John Bushby had raised himself to wealth and importance, first as a solicitor, and afterwards as a banker. The person referred to in these lines was Mr. Bushby Maitland, son of John Bushby, then a young advocate, and supposed to be by no means the equal of his father in point of intellect.

(What scandal called Maria's jaunty stagger,
The ricket reeling of a crooked swagger?
Whose spleen e'en worse than Burns's venom when
He dips in gall unmixed his eager pen,
And pours his vengeance in the burning line,
Who christened thus Maria's lyre divine —
The idiot strum of vanity bemused,
And even the abuse of poesy abused?
Who called her verse a parish workhouse, made
For motley, foundling fancies, stolen or strayed?)

A workhouse! ah, that sound awakes my woes,
And pillows on the thorn my racked repose!
In durance vile here must I wake and weep,
And all my frowsy couch in sorrow steep —
That straw where many a rogue has lain of yore,
And vermined gipsies littered heretofore!
Why Lonsdale thus, thy wrath on vagrants pour?
Must earth no rascal save thyself endure?
Must thou alone in guilt immortal swell,
And make a vast monopoly of hell?
Thou know'st the virtues cannot hate thee worse;
The vices also, must they club their curse?
Or must no tiny sin to others fall,
Because thy guilt's supreme enough for all?
Maria, send me, too, thy griefs and cares;

In all of thee sure thy Esopus shares.
As thou at all mankind the flag unfurls,
Who on my fair one Satire's vengeance hurls?
Who calls thee pert, affected, vain coquette,
A wit in folly, and a fool in wit?
Who says that fool alone is not thy due,
And quotes thy treacheries to prove it true?
Our force united on thy foes we'll turn,
And dare the war with all of woman born:
For who can write and speak as thou and I —
My periods that deciphering defy,
And thy still matchless tongue that conquers all reply?

THE LOVELY LASS OF INVERNESS.[1]

TUNE — *Lass of Inverness.*

The first half-stanza of this song is from an older composition, which Burns here improved upon.

THE lovely lass o' Inverness,
Nae joy nor pleasure can she see;

[1] The songs wholly, or almost wholly, by Burns, furnished for the fifth volume of Johnson's *Museum*, now follow, as far as p. 112.

For e'en and morn she cries, Alas!
And aye the saut tear blin's her e'e.
Drumossie Moor — Drumossie-day —
A waefu' day it was to me!
For there I lost my father dear,
My father dear, and brethren three.

Their winding-sheet the bluidy clay,
Their graves are growing green to see,
And by them lies the dearest lad
That ever blest a woman's e'e!
Now wae to thee, thou cruel lord,
A bluidy man I trow thou be!
For monie a heart thou hast made sair,
That ne'er did wrong to thine or thee.

A RED, RED ROSE.

TUNE — *Graham's Strathspey.*

O MY luve's like a red, red rose,
That's newly sprung in June;
O my luve's like the melodie,
That's sweetly played in tune.

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As fair art thou, my bonny lass,
So deep in luve am I;
And I will luve thee still, my dear,
Till a' the seas gang dry.

Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear,
And the rocks melt wi' the sun,
I will luve thee still, my dear,
While the sands o' life shall run.
And fare-thee-weel, my only luve!
And fare-thee-weel a while!
And I will come again, my luve,
Though it were ten thousand mile.[1]

[1] This song was written by Burns as an improvement upon a street ditty, which Mr. Peter Buchan says was composed by a Lieutenant Hinches, as a farewell to his sweetheart, when on the eve of parting. Various versions of the original song are given in Hogg and Motherwell's edition of Burns, including one from a stall sheet containing six excellent new songs, which Mr. Motherwell conjectures to have been printed about 1770, and of which his copy bore these words on its title, in a childish scrawl believed to be that of the Ayrshire bard, "Robine Burns aught this buik and no other." A version more elegant than any of these was communicated to me by the late Mr. Robert Hogg in 1823:

O fare-thee-well, my own true love,
O fare-thee-well a while;
But I'll come back and see thee, love,
Though I go ten thousand mile.

Ten thousand mile is a long, long way,
When from me you are gone;

You leave me here to lament and sigh,
But you never can hear my moan.

Though all our friends should never be pleased —
They are grown so lofty and high —
I never will break the vows I have made,
Till the stars fall from the sky.

Till the stars fall from the sky, my love,
And the rocks melt wi' the sun,
I'll aye prove true to thee, my love,
Till all these things are done.

Do you not see yon turtle-dove
That sits on yonder tree?
It is making its moan for the loss of its love,
As I shall do for thee.

Now fare-thee-well, my dearest love,
Till I return on shore;
And thou shalt be my only love,
Though it were for evermore.

It is worth while thus to preserve one or two of the original songs on which Burns improved, if only to mark the vastness of the improvement.

A VISION.

A favorite walk of Burns during his residence in Dumfries, was one along the right bank of the river above the town, terminating at the ruins of Lincluden Abbey and Church, which occupy a romantic situation on a piece of rising-ground in the angle at the junction of the Cluden Water with the Nith. These ruins include many fine fragments of ancient decorative architecture, and are enshrined in a natural scene of the utmost beauty. Burns, according to his eldest son, often mused amidst the Lincluden ruins. There is one position on a little mount, to the south of the Church, where a couple of landscapes of witching loveliness are obtained, set, as it were, in two of the windows of the ancient building. It was probably the "Calvary" of the ancient church precinct. This the younger Burns remembers to have been a favorite resting-place of the poet.

Such is the locality of the grand and thrilling ode, entitled *A Vision*, in which he hints — for more than a hint could not be ventured upon — his sense of the degradation of the ancient manly spirit of his country under the conservative terrors of the passing era.

As I stood by yon roofless tower,
Where the wa'-flower scents the dewy air,

Where th' howlet mourns in her ivy bower,
And tells the midnight moon her care;

The winds were laid, the air was still,
The stars they shot alang the sky;
The fox was howling on the hill,
And the distant echoing glens reply.

The stream; adown its hazelly path,
Was rushing by the ruined wa's,
Hasting to join the sweeping Nith, [1]
Whose distant roaring swells and fa's.

The cauld blue North was streaming forth
Her lights, wi' hissing eerie din; awe-inspiring
Athort the lift they start and shift, athwart
Like Fortune's favours, tint as win. lost as won

By heedless chance I turned mine eyes,
And, by the moonbeam, shook to see
A stern and stalwart ghaist arise,
Attired as minstrels wont to be.[2]

[1] Variation —

To join yon river on the Strath.

[2] Variation —

Now looking over firth and fauld,
Her horn the pale-faced Cynthia reared;
When, lo! in form of minstrel auld,
A stern and stalwart ghaist appeared.

Had I a statue been o' stane,
His darin' look had daunted me;
And on his bonnet graved was plain,
The sacred posy — "Libertie!"

And frae his harp sic strains did flow,
Might roused the slumb'ring dead to hear;
But oh! it was a tale of wo,
As ever met a Briton's ear.

He sang wi' joy the former day,
He weeping wailed his latter times;
But what he said it was nae play —
I winna ventur't in my rhymes.

OUT OVER THE FORTH.

TUNE — *Charlie Gordon's welcome hame.*

OUT over the Forth I look to the north,
But what is the north and its Highlands to me?
The south nor the east gie ease to my breast,
The far foreign land, or the wild rolling sea.

But I look to the west, when I gae to rest,
That happy my dreams and my slumbers may be;
For far in the west lives he I lo'e best,
The lad that is dear to my babie and me.

LOUIS, WHAT RECK I BY THEE?

TUNE — *Louis, what reck I by thee?*

Louis, what reck I by thee,
Or Geordie on his ocean?
Dyvor, beggar loons to me, Bankrupt
I reign in Jeanie's bosom!

Let her crown my love her law,
And in her breast enthrone me —
Kings and nations, swith, awa'! quick
Reif randies, I disown ye! Thief-beggars.

SOMEBODY!

TUNE — *For the sake of Somebody.*

"The whole of this song was written by Burns, except the third and fourth lines of stanza first, which are taken from Ramsay's song to the same tune." — STENHOUSE.

My heart is sair — I dare na tell —
My heart is sair for somebody;
I could wake a winter night
For the sake of somebody.
Oh-hon! for somebody!
Oh-hey! for somebody!
I could range the world around,
For the sake o' somebody!

Ye powers that smile on virtuous love,
O sweetly smile on somebody!
Frae ilka danger keep him free,
And send me safe my somebody!
Oh-hon! for somebody!
Oh-hey! for somebody!
I wad do — what wad I not?
For the sake o' somebody!

WILT THOU BE MY DEARIE?

AIR — *The Sutor's Dochter.*

WILT thou be my dearie?
When sorrow wrings thy gentle heart,
Wilt thou let me cheer thee?
By the treasure of my soul,
That's the love I bear thee,
I swear and vow that only thou
Shall ever be my dearie!
Only thou, I swear and vow,
Shall ever be my dearie!

Lassie, say thou lo'es me;
Or if thou wilt na be my ain,
Say na thou'lt refuse me.
If it winna, canna be,
Thou for thine may choose me,
Let me, lassie, quickly die,
Trusting that thou lo'es me!
Lassie, let me quickly die,
Trusting that thou lo'es me!

LOVELY POLLY STEWART.

TUNE — *Ye're welcome, Charlie Stewart.*

Polly Stewart was the daughter of a certain Willie Stewart, on whom Burns wrote some impromptu stanzas. She was reared in comfortable circumstances, a few miles from Burns's residence at Ellisland, and was married to a gentleman of large property. Sad to relate of one for whom Burns promised that worth and truth would give her eternal youth, this poor woman fell aside from the path of honor, and sunk into the most humble circumstances in her old age. It was stated a few years ago, that she lived as "a poor lavender" (to use a phrase of Barbour's) in Maxwelltown. She is believed to have subsequently died in France.

O LOVELY Polly Stewart!
O charming Polly Stewart!
There's not a flower that blooms in May
That's half so fair as thou art.
The flower, it blaws, it fades, and fa's,
And art can ne'er renew it;
But worth and truth eternal youth
Will give to Polly Stewart.

May he whose arms shall fauld thy charms,
  Possess a leal and true heart;
To him be given to ken the heaven
  He grasps in Polly Stewart.
O lovely Polly Stewart!
  O charming Polly Stewart!
There's ne'er a flower that blooms in May
  That's half so sweet as thou art.

COULD AUGHT OF SONG.[1]

TUNE — *At Setting Day.*

COULD aught of song declare my pains,
  Could artful numbers move thee,
The Muse should tell, in laboured strains,
  O Mary, how I love thee!
They who but feign a wounded heart
  May teach the lyre to languish;

[1] The air to which Burns wrote this song, was the production of Dr. Samuel Howard, organist of St. Clement's Danes in the middle of the last century. It was composed for Ramsay's song, *At Setting Day and Rising Morn*, and in this connection attained some popularity.

But what avails the pride of art,
When wastes the soul with anguish?

Then let the sudden bursting sigh
The heart-felt pang discover;
And in the keen, yet tender eye,
O read the imploring lover!
For well I know thy gentle mind
Disdains art's gay disguising,
Beyond what fancy e'er refined,
The voice of nature prizing.

WAE IS MY HEART.

TUNE—*Wae is my Heart.*

WAE is my heart, and the tear's in my e'e;
Lang, lang, joy's been a stranger to me;
Forsaken and friendless, my burden I bear,
And the sweet voice o' pity ne'er sounds in my ear.

Love, thou hast pleasures, and deep hae I loved,
Love, thou hast sorrows, and sair hae I proved;

But this bruisèd heart that now bleeds in my breast,
I can feel its throbbings will soon be at rest.

Oh, if I were happy, where happy I hae been,
Down by yon stream, and yon bonny castle-green!
For there he is wand'ring, and musing on me,
Wha wad soon dry the tear frae Phillis's e'e.

HERE'S TO THY HEALTH, MY BONNY LASS.

TUNE — *Laggan Burn.*

HERE'S to thy health, my bonny lass,
Guid-night, and joy be wi' thee;
I'll come nae mair to thy bower-door,
To tell thee that I lo'e thee.
O dinna think, my pretty pink,
But I can live without thee:
I vow and swear I dinna care
How lang ye look about ye.

Thou'rt aye sae free informing me
Thou hast nae mind to marry,

I'll be as free informing thee
  Nae time hae I to tarry.
I ken thy friends try ilka means,
  Frae wedlock to delay thee,
Depending on some higher chance —
  But fortune may betray thee.

I ken they scorn my low estate,
  But that does never grieve me;
But I'm as free as any he;
  Sma' siller will relieve me.
I count my health my greatest wealth,
  Sae long as I'll enjoy it;
I'll fear nae scant, I'll bode nae want,
  As lang's I get employment.

But far-off fowls hae feathers fair,
  And aye until ye try them;
Though they seem fair, still have a care,
  They may prove waur than I am. worse
But at twal at night, when the moon shines
    bright,
  My dear, I'll come and see thee;
For the man that lo'es his mistress weel,
  Nae travel makes him weary.

ANNA, THY CHARMS.[1]

TUNE — *Bonny Mary.*

ANNA, thy charms my bosom fire,
And waste my soul with care;
But, ah! how bootless to admire,
When fated to despair!
Yet in thy presence, lovely fair,
To hope may be forgiven;
For sure 'twere impious to despair,
So much in sight of heaven.

MY LADY'S GOWN, THERE'S GAIRS UPON'T.

* * * *

OUT ower yon muir, out ower yon moss,
Whare gor-cocks through the heather pass, moor-cocks
There wons auld Colin's bonny lass, lives
A lily in a wilderness.

[1] This song, with the four which follow it, were contributed by Burns to the sixth volume of Johnson's *Museum*, published in 1803.

Sae sweetly move her gentle limbs,
Like music notes o' lovers' hymns;
The diamond dew is her e'en sae blue,
Where laughing love sae wanton swims.

* * * *

JOCKEY'S TA'EN THE PARTING KISS.

TUNE — *Jockey's ta'en the Parting Kiss.*

JOCKEY'S ta'en the parting kiss
O'er the mountains he is gane,
And with him is a' my bliss,
Nought but griefs with me remain.
Spare my luve, ye winds that blaw,
Plashy sleets and beating rain!
Spare my luve, thou feathery snaw,
Drifting o'er the frozen plain!

When the shades of evening creep
O'er the day's fair, gladsome e'e,
Sound and safely may he sleep,
Sweetly blithe his waukening be!
He will think on her he loves,
Fondly he'll repeat her name;
For where'er he distant roves,
Jockey's heart is still at hame.

O LAY THY LOOF IN MINE, LASS.

TUNE — *Cordwainers' March.*

O LAY thy loof in mine, lass, palm
In mine, lass, in mine, lass;
And swear on thy white hand, lass,
That thou wilt be my ain.

A slave to love's unbounded sway,
He aft has wrought me meikle wae;
But now he is my deadly fae,
Unless thou be my ain.

There's monie a lass has broke my rest,
That for a blink I hae lo'ed best; an instant
But thou art queen within my breast,
For ever to remain.
O lay thy loof in mine, lass,
In mine, lass, in mine, lass,
And swear on thy white hand, lass,
That thou wilt be my ain.

O MALLY'S MEEK, MALLY'S SWEET.

O MALLY'S meek, Mally's sweet,
Mally's modest and discreet,
Mally's rare, Mally's fair,
Mally's every way complete.

As I was walking up the street,
A barefit maid I chanced to meet; barefoot
But oh, the road was very hard
For that fair maiden's tender feet.

It were mair meet that those fine feet
Were weel laced up in silken shoon;
And 'twere more fit that she should sit
Within yon chariot gilt aboon. above

Her yellow hair, beyond compare,
Comes trinkling down her swan-like neck;
And her two eyes, like stars in skies,
Would keep a sinking ship frae wreck.

SONNET ON THE DEATH OF GLENRIDDEL.

It is not of course to be supposed that Burns was to mend his breach with the family at Woodley Park by lampooning the lady. Nor did the evil stop here. Very naturally, the good couple at Carse, by whose fireside he had spent so many happy evenings, took part with their friends at Woodley; and most sad it is to relate, that "the worthy Glenriddel, deep read in old coins," adopted sentiments of reprobation and aversion towards the Bard of the Whistle.

In April, the Laird of Carse died, unreconciled to our poet, who, remembering only his worth and former kindness, immediately penned an elegiac sonnet on the sad event. It was done on the spur of a first impulse — the sonnet being completed so early as to appear in the local newspaper, beneath the announcement of Glenriddel's death.

No more, ye warblers of the wood, no more,
Nor pour your descant grating on my soul!
Thou young-eyed Spring, gay in thy verdant stole,
More welcome were to me grim Winter's wildest roar!

How can ye charm, ye flowers, with all your dyes?
Ye blow upon the sod that wraps my friend!
How can I to the tuneful strain attend?
That strain flows round the untimely tomb where
Riddel lies.

Yes, pour, ye warblers, pour the notes of wo,
And soothe the Virtues weeping o'er his bier;
The Man of Worth, and hath not left his peer,
Is in his narrow house, for ever darkly low.

Thee, Spring, again with joy shall others
greet;
Me, memory of my loss will only meet!

THE BANKS OF CREE.

TUNE — *The Banks of Cree.*

"I got an air, pretty enough, composed by Lady Elizabeth Heron of Heron, which she calls *The Banks of Cree.* Cree is a beautiful romantic stream; and as her ladyship is a particular friend of mine, I have written the following song to it." — *Burns to Mr. Thomson, May,* 1794.

HERE is the glen, and here the bower,
All underneath the birchen shade;

The village-bell has tolled the hour,
O what can stay my lovely maid?

'Tis not Maria's whispering call;
'Tis but the balmy-breathing gale,
Mixed with some warbler's dying fall,
The dewy star of eve to hail.

It is Maria's voice I hear! —
So calls the woodlark in the grove,
His little faithful mate to cheer;
At once 'tis music and 'tis love.

And art thou come? — and art thou true?
O welcome, dear, to love and me!
And let us all our vows renew,
Along the flowery banks of Cree.

FRAGMENT OF AN ODE FOR WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY.

"I am just going to trouble your critical patience with the first sketch of a stanza I have been framing as I passed along the road. The subject is Liberty: you know, my honoured friend, how dear the theme is to me. I design it as an irregular ode for General

Washington's birthday. After having mentioned the degeneracy of other kingdoms, I come to Scotland thus:"—[*Burns to Mrs. Dunlop, 25th June*, 1794.]

THEE, Caledonia, thy wild heaths among,
Thee, famed for martial deed and sacred song,
To thee I turn with swimming eyes;
Where is that soul of freedom fled?
Immingled with the mighty dead,
Beneath the hallowed turf where Wallace lies!
Hear it not, Wallace, in thy bed of death,
Ye babbling winds, in silence sweep,
Disturb ye not the hero's sleep,
Nor give the coward secret breath.
Is this the power in freedom's war,
That wont to bid the battle rage?

"With the additions of"—

Behold that eye which shot immortal hate,
Braved usurpation's boldest daring;
That arm which, nerved with thundering fate,
Crushed the despot's proudest bearing;
One quenched in darkness like the sinking star,
And one the palsied arm of tottering, powerless age.

FROM BURNS'S LAST LETTER TO CLARINDA.

"You must know, my dearest madam, that these now many years, wherever I am, in whatever company, when a married lady is called as a toast, I constantly give you; but as your name has never passed my lips, even to my most intimate friend, I give you by the name of Mrs. Mac. This is so well known among my acquaintances, that when any married lady is called for, the toast-master will say: 'Oh, we need not ask him who it is: here's Mrs. Mac!' I have also, among my convivial friends, set on foot a round of toasts, which I call a round of Arcadian Shepherdesses — that is, a round of favourite ladies, under female names celebrated in ancient song; and then you are my Clarinda. So, my lovely Clarinda, I devote this glass of wine to a most ardent wish for your happiness."

In vain would Prudence, with decorous sneer,
Point out a censuring world, and bid me fear:
Above that world on wings of love I rise,
I know its worst, and can that worst despise.

"Wronged, injured, shunned, unpitied, unredrest;
The mocked quotation of the scorner's jest" —
Let 'Prudence' direst bodements on me fall,
Clarinda, rich reward! o'erpays them all.

WRITTEN IN A COPY OF THOMSON'S MELODIES, PRESENTED TO A LADY.

"I have presented a copy of your songs to the daughter of a much-valued and much-honoured friend of mine — Mr. Graham of Fintry. I wrote on the blank-side of the title-page the following address to the young lady." — *Burns to Mr. Thomson, July*, 1794.

HERE, where the Scottish Muse immortal lives,
In sacred strains and tuneful numbers joined,
Accept the gift, though humble he who gives:
Rich is the tribute of the grateful mind.

So may no ruffian feeling in thy breast,
Discordant jar thy bosom-chords among;
But Peace attune thy gentle soul to rest,
Or Love ecstatic wake his seraph song;

Or Pity's notes, in luxury of tears,
As modest Want the tale of wo reveals;
While conscious Virtue all the strain endears,
And heaven-born Piety her sanction seals.

THE TREE OF LIBERTY.

HEARD ye o' the tree o' France?
I watna what's the name o't;
Around it a' the patriots dance,
Weel Europe kens the fame o't.
It stands where ance the Bastile stood,
A prison built by kings, man,
When Superstition's hellish brood
Kept France in leading-strings, man.

Upo' this tree there grows sic fruit,
Its virtues a' can tell, man;
It raises man aboon the brute,
It maks him ken himsel', man.
Gif ance the peasant taste a bit,
He's greater than a lord, man,
And wi' the beggar shares a mite
O' a' he can afford, man.

This fruit is worth a' Afric's wealth,
To comfort us 'twas sent, man:
To gie the sweetest blush o' health,
And mak us a' content, man.

It clears the een, it cheers the heart,
Maks high and low guid friends, man;
And he wha acts the traitor's part,
It to perdition sends, man.

My blessings aye attend the chiel,
Wha pitied Gallia's slaves, man,
And staw a branch, spite o' the deil, stole
Frae yont the western waves, man. beyond
Fair Virtue watered it wi' care,
And now she sees wi' pride, man,
How weel it buds and blossoms there,
Its branches spreading wide, man.

But vicious folk aye hate to see
The works o' Virtue thrive, man;
The courtly vermin's banned the tree,
And grat to see it thrive, man. wept
King Loui' thought to cut it down,
When it was unco sma', man;
For this the watchman cracked his crown,
Cut aff his head and a', man.

A wicked crew syne, on a time,
Did tak a solemn aith, man,
It ne'er should flourish to its prime,
I wat they pledged their faith, man.
Awa' they gaed wi' mock parade,
Like beagles hunting game, man,

But soon grew weary o' the trade,
And wished they'd been at hame, man.

For Freedom, standing by the tree,
Her sons did loudly ca', man;
She sang a sang o' liberty,
Which pleased them ane and a', man.
By her inspired, the new-born race
Soon drew the avenging steel, man;
The hirelings ran — her foes gied chase,
And banged the despot weel, man.

Let Britain boast her hardy oak,
Her poplar and her pine, man;
Auld Britain ance could crack her joke,
And o'er her neighbours shine, man:
But seek the forest round and round,
And soon 'twill be agreed, man,
That sic a tree can not be found
'Twixt London and the Tweed, man.

Without this tree, alake this life
Is but a vale o' wo, man;
A scene o' sorrow mixed wi' strife,
Nae real joys we know, man.
We labour soon, we labour late,
To feed the titled knave, man;
And a' the comfort we're to get,
Is that ayont the grave, man.

Wi' plenty o' sic trees, I trow,
The warld would live in peace, man;
The sword would help to mak a plough,
The din o' war wad cease, man.
Like brethren in a common cause,
We'd on each other smile, man;
And equal rights and equal laws
Wad gladden every isle, man.

Wae worth the loon wha wadna eat
Sic halesome dainty cheer, man;
I'd gie my shoon frae aff my feet,
To taste sic fruit, I swear, man.
Syne let us pray, auld England may
Sure plant this far-famed tree, man;
And blithe we'll sing, and hail the day
That gave us liberty, man.[1]

[1] Originally printed in the People's Edition of Burns (1840), from a manuscript in the possession of Mr. James Duncan, Mosesfield, Glasgow.

ON THE SEAS AND FAR AWAY.

TUNE— *O'er the Hills, etc.*

"The last evening, as I was straying out, and thinking of *O'er the Hills and far away*, I spun the following stanza for it; but whether my spinning will deserve to be laid up in store, like the precious thread of the silkworm, or brushed to the devil, like the vile manufacture of the spider, I leave, my dear sir, to your usual candid criticism. I was pleased with several lines in it at first, but I own that now it appears rather a flimsy business."—*Burns to Mr. Thomson, 30th August*, 1794.

How can my poor heart be glad,
When absent from my sailor lad?
How can I the thought forego,
He's on the seas to meet the foe?
Let me wander, let me rove,
Still my heart is with my love:
Nightly dreams, and thoughts by day,
Are with him that's far away.

CHORUS.

On the seas and far away,
On stormy seas and far away;
Nightly dreams, and thoughts by day,
Are aye with him that's far away.

When in summer's noon I faint,
As weary flocks around me pant,
Haply in the scorching sun
My sailor's thundering at his gun:
Bullets, spare my only joy!
Bullets, spare my darling boy!
Fate, do with me what you may,
Spare but him that's far away!

At the starless midnight hour,
When winter rules with boundless power,
As the storms the forest tear,
And thunders rend the howling air,
Listening to the doubling roar,
Surging on the rocky shore,
All I can — I weep and pray,
For his weal that's far away.

Peace, thy olive wand extend,
And bid wild War his ravage end,
Man with brother man to meet,
And as a brother kindly greet!
Then may Heaven with prosperous gales,
Fill my sailor's welcome sails,
To my arms their charge convey,
My dear lad that's far away.

CA' THE YOWES TO THE KNOWES.

"I am flattered at your adopting *Ca' the Yowes to the Knowes*, as it was owing to me that ever it saw the light. About seven years ago, I was well acquainted with a worthy little fellow of a clergyman, a Mr. Clunie, who sang it charmingly; and, at my request, Mr. Clarke took it down from his singing. When I gave it to Johnson, I added some stanzas to the song, and mended others, but still it will not do for you. In a solitary stroll which I took to-day, I tried my hand on a few pastoral lines, following up the idea of the chorus, which I would preserve. Here it is, with all its crudities and imperfections on its head."—*Burns to Mr. Thomson, Sept.*, 1794.

CHORUS.

Ca' the yowes to the knowes, drive the ewes
Ca' them where the heather grows,
Ca' them where the burnie rows,
My bonny dearie!

Hark! the mavis' evening-sang
Sounding Cluden's woods amang;
Then a faulding let us gang,
My bonny dearie.

We'll gae down by Cluden side,
Through the hazels spreading wide,
O'er the waves that sweetly glide
To the moon sae clearly.

Yonder Cluden's silent towers,
Where at moonshine midnight hours,
O'er the dewy bending flowers,
Fairies dance sae cheery.

Ghaist nor bogle shalt thou fear; goblin
Thou'rt to love and heaven sae dear,
Nocht of ill may come thee near,
My bonny dearie.

Fair and lovely as thou art,
Thou hast stown my very heart; stolen
I can die — but canna part,
My bonny dearie.

While waters wimple to the sea; meander
While day blinks in the lift sae hie; gleams
Till clay-cauld death shall blin' my ee,
Ye shall be my dearie.

SHE SAYS SHE LO'ES ME BEST OF A'.

TUNE— *Onagh's Lock.*

SAE flaxen were her ringlets,
Her eyebrows of a darker hue,
Bewitchingly o'er-arching
Twa laughing e'en o' bonny blue:
Her smiling, sae wiling,
Wad make a wretch forget his wo;
What pleasure, what treasure,
Unto these rosy lips to grow!
Such was my Chloris' bonny face,
When first her bonny face I saw;
And aye my Chloris' dearest charm, —
She says she lo'es me best of a'.

Like harmony her motion;
Her pretty ankle is a spy
Betraying fair proportion,
Wad make a saint forget the sky.
Sae warming, sae charming,
Her faultless form and graceful air;
Ilk feature — auld nature
Declared that she could do nae mair.

Hers are the willing chains o' love,
By conquering beauty's sovereign law;
And aye my Chloris' dearest charm, —
She says she lo'es me best of a'.

Let others love the city,
And gaudy show at sunny noon;
Gie me the lonely valley,
The dewy eve, and rising moon,
Fair beaming, and streaming,
Her silver light the boughs amang;
While falling, recalling,
The amorous thrush concludes his sang.
There, dearest Chloris, wilt thou rove
By wimpling burn and leafy shaw, meandering grove
And hear my vows o' truth and love,
And say thou lo'es me best of a'?

Sept., 1794.

SAW YE MY PHELY?

TUNE — *When she cam ben she bobbit.*

OH, saw ye my dear, my Phely?
Oh, saw ye my dear, my Phely?
She's down i' the grove, she's wi' a new love,
She winna come hame to her Willy.

What says she, my dearest, my Phely?
What says she, my dearest, my Phely?
She lets thee to wit, that she has thee forgot,
And for ever disowns thee, her Willy.

Oh, had I ne'er seen thee, my Phely!
Oh, had I ne'er seen thee, my Phely!
As light as the air, and fause as thou's fair,
Thou's broken the heart o' thy Willy.

Oct., 1794.

HOW LONG AND DREARY IS THE NIGHT!

TUNE — *Cauld Kail in Aberdeen.*

"*How long and dreary is the Night!* — I met with some such words in a collection of songs somewhere, which I altered and enlarged; and to please you, and to suit your favourite air, I have taken a stride or two across my room, and have arranged it anew, as you will find on the other page." — *Burns to Mr. Thomson*, 19*th Oct.*, 1794.

How long and dreary is the night
When I am frae my dearie!
I restless lie frae e'en to morn,
Though I were ne'er sae weary.

CHORUS.

For oh, her lanely nights are lang!
And oh, her dreams are eerie! fearful
And oh, her widowed heart is sair,
That's absent frae her dearie!

When I think on the lightsome days
I spent wi' thee, my dearie,
And now what seas between us roar,
How can I be but eerie?

How slow ye move, ye heavy hours!
The joyless day, how dreary!
It was na sae ye glinted by, passed quickly
When I was wi' my dearie!

LET NOT WOMAN E'ER COMPLAIN.

TUNE — *Duncan Gray.*

"These English songs gravel me to death. I have not that command of the language that I have of my native tongue. [In fact, I think my ideas are more barren in English than in Scotch.] I have been at

Duncan Gray, to dress it in English, but all I can do is deplorably stupid." — *Burns to Mr. Thomson*, 19*th Oct.*, 1794.

LET not woman e'er complain
Of inconstancy in love;
Let not woman e'er complain
Fickle man is apt to rove.
Look abroad through Nature's range,
Nature's mighty law is change;
Ladies, would it not be strange,
Man should then a monster prove?

Mark the winds, and mark the skies,
Ocean's ebb, and ocean's flow;
Sun and moon but set to rise,
Round and round the seasons go.
Why, then, ask of silly Man
To oppose great Nature's plan?
We'll be constant while we can —
You can be no more, you know.

THE LOVER'S MORNING-SALUTE TO HIS MISTRESS.

TUNE — *Deil tak the Wars.*

These verses were inspired by "CHLORIS," the theme of a considerable number of Burns's songs at this period. Chloris was Jean Lorimer, daughter of a substantial farmer in the neighborhood of Dumfries, with whom Burns lived in intimate relations. She was at this time (Oct., 1794) just nineteen years of age, and was living apart from a spendthrift husband, of the name of Whelpdale, who had persuaded her into a Gretna Green marriage the year before. Her subsequent life was extremely unhappy. She is described as uncommonly beautiful, both in form and face.

SLEEP'ST thou, or wak'st thou, fairest creature?
Rosy Morn now lifts his eye,
Numbering ilka bud which nature
Waters wi' the tears o' joy.
Now through the leafy woods,
And by the reeking floods,
Wild nature's tenants freely, gladly stray;
The lintwhite in his bower — linnet
Chants o'er the breathing flower;
The lav'rock to the sky
Ascends wi' sangs o' joy,
While the sun and thou arise to bless the day.

Phœbus, gilding the brow o' morning,
Banishes ilk darksome shade,
Nature gladd'ning and adorning;
Such to me my lovely maid.
When absent frae my fair,
The murky shades o' care
With starless gloom o'ercast my sullen sky;
But when in beauty's light,
She meets my ravished sight,
When through my very heart
Her beaming glories dart —
'Tis then I wake to life, to light, and joy![1]

[1] Variation:

Now to the streaming fountain,
Or up the heathy mountain,
The hart, hind, and roe, freely, wildly-wanton stray;
In twining hazel-bowers
His lay the linnet pours;
The lav'rock to the sky
Ascends wi' sangs o' joy,
While the sun and thou arise to bless the day.

When frae my Chloris parted,
Sad, cheerless, broken-hearted,
The night's gloomy shades, cloudy, dark, o'ercast my sky:
But when she charms my sight,
In pride of beauty's light;
When through my very heart
Her beaming glories dart —
'Tis then, 'tis then I wake to life and joy! — CURRIE.

THE AULD MAN.

But lately seen in gladsome green,
The woods rejoiced the day;
Through gentle showers the laughing flowers
In double pride were gay.
But now our joys are fled
On winter blasts awa'!
Yet Maiden May, in rich array,
Again shall bring them a'.

But my white pow! nae kindly thowe head—thaw
Shall melt the snaws of age;
My trunk of eild, but buss or beild,[1] old age
Sinks in Time's wintry rage.
Oh, Age has weary days,
And nights o' sleepless pain!
Thou golden time o' youthful prime,
Why com'st thou not again?

Oct., 1794.

[1] Without bush or shelter.

TO CHLORIS.

INSCRIBED IN A BOOK PRESENTED TO HER.

'Tis Friendship's pledge, my young, fair friend,
Nor thou the gift refuse,
Nor with unwilling ear attend
The moralising Muse.

Since thou, in all thy youth and charms,
Must bid the world adieu,
(A world 'gainst peace in constant arms)
To join the friendly few:

Since thy gay morn of life o'ercast,
Chill came the tempest's lower;
(And ne'er misfortune's eastern blast
Did nip a fairer flower:)

Since life's gay scenes must charm no more,
Still much is left behind;
Still nobler wealth hast thou in store—
The comforts of the mind!

Thine is the self-approving glow,
On conscious honour's part;

And, dearest gift of Heaven below,
Thine friendship's truest heart.

The joys refined of sense and taste,
With every Muse to rove:
And doubly were the poet blest,
These joys could he improve.

MY CHLORIS, MARK HOW GREEN THE GROVES.

TUNE — *My Lodging is on the cold Ground.*

"In my last, I told you my objections to the song you had selected for *My Lodging is on the cold Ground.* On my visit the other day to my fair Chloris — that is the poetic name of the lovely goddess of my inspiration — she suggested an idea, which I, on my return from the visit, wrought into the following song. It is exactly in the measure of *My dearie, an thou die,* which you say is the precise rhythm of the air." — *Burns to Mr. Thomson, Nov.,* 1794.

MY Chloris, mark how green the groves,
The primrose banks how fair;
The balmy gales awake the flowers,
And wave thy flaxen hair.

The lav'rock shuns the palace gay,
And o'er the cottage sings:
For nature smiles as sweet, I ween,
To shepherds as to kings.

Let minstrels sweep the skilfu' string
In lordly lighted ha':
The shepherd stops his simple reed,
Blithe, in the birken shaw. birchen wood

The princely revel may survey
Our rustic dance wi' scorn;
But are their hearts as light as ours
Beneath the milk-white thorn?

The shepherd, in the flowery glen,
In shepherd's phrase will woo:
The courtier tells a finer tale,
But is his heart as true?

These wild-wood flowers I've pu'd, to deck
That spotless breast o' thine:
The courtier's gems may witness love —
But 'tis na love like mine.

IT WAS THE CHARMING MONTH OF MAY.

TUNE — *Dainty Davie.*

"Despairing of my own powers to give you variety enough in English songs, I have been turning over old collections, to pick out songs of which the measure is something similar to what I want; and, with a little alteration, so as to suit the rhythm of the air exactly, to give you them for your work. Where the songs have hitherto been but little noticed, nor have ever been set to music, I think the shift a fair one. A song which, under the same first verse, you will find in Ramsay's *Tea-table Miscellany*, I have cut down for an English dress to your *Dainty Davie*, as follows:" — *Burns to Mr. Thomson, Nov.*, 1794.

IT was the charming month of May,
When all the flowers were fresh and gay;
One morning, by the break of day,
The youthful, charming Chloe,
From peaceful slumber she arose,
Girt on her mantle and her hose,
And o'er the flowery mead she goes,
The youthful, charming Chloe.

CHORUS.

Lovely was she by the dawn,
Youthful Chloe, charming Chloe,
Tripping o'er the pearly lawn,
The youthful, charming Chloe.

The feathered people, you might see
Perched all around on every tree;
In notes of sweetest melody
They hail the charming Chloe;
Till, painting gay the eastern skies,
The glorious sun began to rise,
Outrivalled by the radiant eyes
Of youthful, charming Chloe.[1]

LASSIE WI' THE LINT-WHITE LOCKS.

TUNE — *Rothemurchie's Rant.*

CHORUS.

LASSIE wi' the lint-white locks, flaxen
Bonny lassie, artless lassie,

[1] "You may think meanly of this, but take a look at the bombast original, and you will be surprised that I have made so much of it." — *Burns.*

Wilt thou wi' me tent the flocks,
Wilt thou be my dearie O?

Now Nature cleeds the flowery lea, clothes
And a' is young and sweet like thee:
Oh, wilt thou share its joys wi' me,
And say thou'lt be my dearie O?

And when the welcome simmer-shower
Has cheered ilk drooping little flower,
We'll to the breathing woodbine-bower
At sultry noon, my dearie O.

When Cynthia lights, wi' silver ray,
The weary shearer's hameward way,
Through yellow waving fields we'll stray,
And talk o' love, my dearie O.

And when the howling wintry blast
Disturbs my lassie's midnight rest,
Enclaspèd to my faithful breast,
I'll comfort thee, my dearie O.

Nov., 1794.

FAREWELL, THOU STREAM THAT WINDING FLOWS.

It will be observed that this is a new and improved version of the song sent in April of the preceding year, beginning, *The last Time I came o'er the Moor.* The change most remarkable is the substitution of Eliza for Maria. The alienation of Mrs. Riddel, and Burns's resentment against her, must have rendered the latter name no longer tolerable to him. One only can wonder that, with his new and painful associations regarding that lady, he could endure the song itself, or propose laying it before the world.

FAREWELL, thou stream that winding flows
Around Eliza's dwelling!
O mem'ry! spare the cruel throes
Within my bosom swelling:
Condemned to drag a hopeless chain,
And yet in secret languish,
To feel a fire in every vein,
Nor dare disclose my anguish.

Love's veriest wretch, unseen, unknown,
I fain my griefs would cover;
The bursting sigh, th' unweeting groan,
Betray the hapless lover.

I know thou doom'st me to despair,
Nor wilt, nor canst relieve me;
But, oh! Eliza, hear one prayer —
For pity's sake forgive me!

The music of thy voice I heard,
Nor wist, while it enslaved me;
I saw thine eyes, yet nothing feared,
Till fears no more had saved me.
Th' unwary sailor thus aghast,
The wheeling torrent viewing,
'Mid circling horrors sinks at last
In overwhelming ruin.

Nov., 1794.

PHILLY AND WILLY.

TUNE — *The Sow's Tail.*

HE.

O PHILLY, happy be that day,
When roving through the gathered hay,
My youthfu' heart was stown away,
And by thy charms, my Philly.

SHE.

O Willy, aye I bless the grove
Where first I owned my maiden love,
Whilst thou didst pledge the powers above
To be my ain dear Willy.

HE.

As songsters of the early year
Are ilka day mair sweet to hear,
So ilka day to me mair dear
And charming is my Philly.

SHE.

As on the brier the budding rose
Still richer breathes and fairer blows,
So in my tender bosom grows
The love I bear my Willy.

HE.

The milder sun and bluer sky,
That crown my harvest cares wi' joy,
Were ne'er sae welcome to my eye
As is a sight o' Philly.

SHE.

The little swallow's wanton wing,
Though wafting o'er the flowery spring,
Did ne'er to me sic tidings bring,
As meeting o' my Willy.

HE.

The bee that through the sunny hour
Sips nectar in the opening flower,
Compared wi' my delight is poor,
  Upon the lips o' Philly.

SHE.

The woodbine in the dewy weet,
When evening shades in silence meet,
Is nocht sae fragrant or sae sweet
  As is a kiss o' Willy.

HE.

Let fortune's wheel at random rin,
And fools may tyne, and knaves may win; lose
My thoughts are a' bound up in ane,
  And that's my ain dear Philly.

SHE.

What's a' the joys that gowd can gie?
I care nae wealth a single flie;
The lad I love's the lad for me,
  And that's my ain dear Willy.

Nov. 19, 1794.

CONTENTED WI' LITTLE.

TUNE — *Lumps o' Pudding.*

CONTENTED wi' little, and cantie wi' mair, merry
Whene'er I forgather wi' sorrow and care, meet
I gie them a skelp as they're creepin' alang, slap
Wi' a cog o' guid swats, and an auld pail—ale
Scottish sang.

I whiles claw the elbow o' troublesome thought,
But man is a sodger, and life is a faught: fight
My mirth and good-humour are coin in my pouch,
And my freedom's my lairdship nae monarch dare touch.

A towmond o' trouble, should that be twelvemonth
my fa', fate
A night o' guid-fellowship sowthers makes up for
it a':
When at the blithe end of our journey at last,
Wha the deil ever thinks o' the road he has past?

Blind Chance, let her snapper and stumble
stoyte on her way; totter
Be't to me, be't frae me, e'en let the jade gae:

Come ease or come travail, come pleasure or pain,
My warst word is: "Welcome, and welcome again!"

Nov. 19, 1794.

CANST THOU LEAVE ME THUS, MY KATY?

TUNE — *Roy's Wife.*

CHORUS.

CANST thou leave me thus, my Katy?
Canst thou leave me thus, my Katy?
Well thou know'st my aching heart,
And canst thou leave me thus for pity?

Is this thy plighted, fond regard,
Thus cruelly to part, my Katy?
Is this thy faithful swain's reward —
An aching, broken heart, my Katy?

Farewell! and ne'er such sorrows tear
That fickle heart of thine, my Katy!
Thou may'st find those will love thee dear —
But not a love like mine, my Katy.[1]

Nov. 19, 1794.

[1] This song is a poetical expression of the more gentle feeling Burns was now beginning to entertain towards Mrs. Rid-

del. Burns could not write verses on any woman without imagining her as a mistress, past, present, or potential. He accordingly treats the breach of friendship which had occurred between him and the fair hostess of Woodley Park, as a falling away on her part from constancy in the tender passion. It appears, moreover, that he sent the song to Mrs. Riddel, as a sort of olive-branch, and that she did not receive it in an unkindly spirit, though probably without forgetting that the bard had wounded her delicacy. She answered the song in the same strain, and sent her own piece to Burns, for it was found by Currie amongst his papers after his death.

STAY, MY WILLIE, YET BELIEVE ME.

Stay, my Willie — yet believe me;
Stay, my Willie — yet believe me;
For, ah! thou know'st na' every pang
Wad wring my bosom shouldst thou leave me.

Tell me that thou yet art true,
And a' my wrongs shall be forgiven;
And when this heart proves fause to thee,
Yon sun shall cease its course in heaven.

But to think I was betrayed,
That falsehood e'er our loves should sunder!
To take the flow'ret to my breast,
And find the guilefu' serpent under!

Could I hope thou'dst ne'er deceive,
Celestial pleasures, might I choose 'em,
I'd slight, nor seek in other spheres
That heaven I'd find within thy bosom.

Stay, my Willie — yet believe me;
Stay, my Willie — yet believe me;
For, ah! thou know'st na' every pang
Wad wring my bosom shouldst thou leave me.

FOR A' THAT AND A' THAT.

"A great critic (Aikin) on songs says, that love and wine are the exclusive themes for song-writing. The following is on neither subject, and consequently is no song, but will be allowed, I think, to be two or three pretty good prose thoughts inverted into rhyme." — *Burns to Mr. Thomson, January*, 1795.

Is there, for honest poverty,
That hangs his head, and a' that!
The coward slave we pass him by,
We dare be poor for a' that!
For a' that, and a' that,
Our toils obscure, and a' that;
The rank is but the guinea's stamp,[1]
The man's the gowd for a' that!

What though on hamely fare we dine,
Wear hoddin gray, and a' that;
Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine,
A man's a man for a' that!

[1] A similar thought occurs in Wycherley's *Plain-Dealer*, which Burns probably never saw: "I weigh the man, not his title; 'tis not the king's stamp can make the metal better or heavier. Your lord is a leaden shilling, which you bend every way, and debases the stamp he bears."

For a' that, and a' that,
Their tinsel show, and a' that;
The honest man, though e'er sae poor,
Is king o' men for a' that!

Ye see yon birkie, ca'd a lord, fellow
Wha struts, and stares, and a' that;
Though hundreds worship at his word,
He's but a coof for a' that. fool
For a' that, and a' that.
His ribbon, star, and a' that;
The man of independent mind,
He looks and laughs at a' that.

A prince can mak a belted knight,
A marquis, duke, and a' that;
But an honest man's aboon his might, above
Guid faith, he maunna fa'[1] that!
For a' that, and a' that,
Their dignities, and a' that;
The pith o' sense, and pride o' worth,
Are higher rank[2] than a' that.

Then let us pray that come it may —
As come it will for a' that —
That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth,
May bear the gree, and a' that. supremacy

[1] Claim that to be dependent on his sanction.
[2] Usually printed "ranks," but so in manuscript.

For a' that, and a' that,
It's coming yet, for a' that,
That man to man, the warld o'er,
Shall brothers be for a' that!

O WAT YE WHA'S IN YON TOWN?

"Do you know an air — I am sure you must know it — *We'll gang nae mair to yon town?* I think, in slowish time, it would make an excellent song. I am highly delighted with it; and if you should think it worthy of your attention, I have a fair dame in my eye, to whom I would consecrate it. Try it with this doggrel — until I give you a better." — *Burns to Mr. Thomson, 7th February*, 1795.

This song will be found, complete, further on.

CHORUS.

O WAT ye wha's in yon town,
Ye see the e'enin' sun upon?
The dearest maid's in yon town
That e'enin' sun is shinin' on.
O sweet to me yon spreading tree,
Where Jeanie wanders aft her lane; alone
The hawthorn flower that shades her bower,
Oh, when shall I behold again!

O LASSIE, ART THOU SLEEPING YET?

TUNE — *Let me in this ae Night.*

O LASSIE, art thou sleeping yet?
Or art thou wakin', I would wit? know
For love has bound me hand and foot,
And I would fain be in, jo. dear

CHORUS.

O let me in this ae night,
This ae, ae, ae night;
For pity's sake this ae night,
O rise and let me in, jo!

Thou hear'st the winter wind and weet,
Nae star blinks through the driving sleet;
Tak pity on my weary feet,
And shield me frae the rain, jo.

The bitter blast that round me blaws
Unheeded howls, unheeded fa's;
The cauldness o' thy heart's the cause
Of a' my grief and pain, jo.

HER ANSWER.

O TELL na me o' wind and rain,
Upbraid na me wi' cauld disdain;
Gae back the gait ye cam again — way
I winna let you in, jo! will not

CHORUS.

I tell you now this ae night,
This ae, ae, ae night;
And ance for a' this ae night,
I winna let you in, jo!

The snellest blast, at mirkest hours, sharpest
That round the pathless wanderer pours,
Is nocht to what poor she endures,
That's trusted faithless man, jo.

The sweetest flower that decked the mead,
Now trodden like the vilest weed —
Let simple maid the lesson read,
The weird may be her ain, jo. fate

The bird that charmed his summer-day,
Is now the cruel fowler's prey;
Let witless, trusting woman say
How aft her fate's the same, jo!

Feb. 9th, 1795.

BALLADS ON MR. HERON'S ELECTION, 1795.

The death of General Stewart in January had created a vacancy in the representation of the Stewartry of Kirkcudbright — a district so closely adjoining to Dumfries, that all its concerns are there deeply felt.

The vacant seat was contested between a Tory, under the Galloway influence, and an independent country gentleman of Whig politics. The latter was the same Mr. Heron, of Kerroughtree, whom Burns had visited in June of the past year, soon after his melancholy rencontre with David M'Culloch. He was a benevolent and most respectable man. The candidate in the Tory interest was Mr. Gordon, of Balmaghie, himself a man of moderate property and influence, but greatly fortified by the favor of his uncle, Mr. Murray, of Broughton (one of the wealthiest proprietors in the south of Scotland) as well as by the interest of the Earl of Galloway.

It was certainly most unsuitable for Burns to take any part in this conflict, as, while no public duty was neglected by his silence, his partisanship was ten times more likely to do him harm than good. He saw, however, some of his favorite aversions, such as the Earl of Galloway, and John Bushby of Tinwald

Downs, on the one side, while on the other stood a really worthy man, who had shown him some kindness, and whose political prepossessions accorded with his own. With his characteristic recklessness, he threw off several ballads, and even caused them to be circulated in print; effusions which must now be deemed of secondary importance in the roll of his works, but which yet are well worthy of preservation for the traits of a keen satiric spirit which mingle with their local and scarcely intelligible allusions.

BALLAD FIRST.

WHOM will you send to London town,
To Parliament and a' that?
Or wha in a' the country round
The best deserves to fa' that? get
For a' that, and a' that,
Through Galloway and a' that;
Where is the laird or belted knight
That best deserves to fa' that?

Wha sees Kerroughtree's open yett, gate
And wha is't never saw that?
Wha ever wi' Kerroughtree meets,
And has a doubt of a' that?
For a' that, and a' that,
Here's Heron yet for a' that!
The independent patriot,
The honest man, and a' that.

Though wit and worth in either sex,
St. Mary's Isle can shaw that;
Wi' dukes and lords let Selkirk mix,
And weel does Selkirk fa' that.
For a' that, and a' that,
Here's Heron yet for a' that!
The independent commoner
Shall be the man for a' that.

But why should we to nobles jouk? bend
And is't against the law that?
For why, a lord may be a gouk, fool
Wi' ribbon, star, and a' that.
For a' that, and a' that,
Here's Heron yet for a' that!
A lord may be a lousy loun,
Wi' ribbon, star, and a' that.[1]

A beardless boy comes o'er the hills,
Wi' uncle's purse and a' that;
But we'll hae ane frae 'mang oursel's,
A man we ken, and a' that.
For a' that, and a' that,
Here's Heron yet for a' that!
For we're not to be bought and sold,
Like naigs, and nowt, and a' that. cattle

[1] The vituperation in this stanza refers, not to the Selkirk family, for which Burns had a respect, as shown in the preceding verse, but to the Earl of Galloway.

Then let us drink the Stewartry,
Kerroughtree's laird, and a' that,
Our representative to be,
For weel he's worthy a' that.
For a' that, and a' that,
Here's Heron yet for a' that!
A House of Commons such as he,
They would be blest that saw that.

BALLAD SECOND.

Fy, let us a' to Kirkcudbright,
For there will be bickering there;
For Murray's light horse are to muster,
And oh, how the heroes will swear! [1]

First, there will be trusty Kerroughtree,[2]
Whase honour was ever his law;
If the Virtues were packed in a parcel,
His worth might be sample for a'.

And strong and respectfu's his backing,
The maist o' the lairds wi' him stand;

[1] This ballad is composed in imitation of a rough but amusing specimen of the old ballad literature of Scotland, descriptive of the company attending a country-wedding —

"Fy, let us a' to the wedding,
For there'll be lilting there," etc.

[2] Mr. Heron, of Kerroughtree, the Whig candidate.

Nae gipsy-like nominal barons,
Whase property's paper, but lands.[1]

For there frae the Niddisdale borders,
The Maxwells will gather in droves,
Teugh Jockie,[2] stanch Geordie,[3] and Wellwood,[4]
That griens for the fishes and loaves. longs

And there will be Heron the Major,[5]
Wha'll ne'er be forgot in the Greys;
Our flattery we'll keep for some other,
Him only 'tis justice to praise.

And there will be Maiden Kilkerran,[6]
And also Barskimming's guid knight;[7]
And there will be roaring Birtwhistle,[8]
Wha luckily roars i' the right.

Next there will be wealthy young Richard[9]—
Dame Fortune should hing by the neck

[1] Many of the county electors were, previous to the Reform Act of 1832, possessors of fictitious votes only—often called *paper voters*.

[2] Mr. Maxwell, of Terraughty, the venerable gentleman on whose birthday Burns wrote some verses. See vol. ii. p. 291.

[3] George Maxwell, of Carruchan.

[4] Mr. Wellwood Maxwell.

[5] Major Heron, brother of the Whig candidate.

[6] Sir Adam Ferguson, of Kilkerran.

[7] Sir William Miller, of Barskimming; afterwards a judge under the designation of Lord Glenlee.

[8] Mr. Birtwhistle, of Kirkcudbright.

[9] Richard Oswald, of Auchincruive.

For prodigal thriftless bestowing—
His merit had won him respect.

And there will be rich brother nabobs,
Though nabobs, yet men of the first;[1]
And there will be Collieston's whiskers,[2]
And Quintin, o' lads not the warst.[3]

And there will be Stamp-office Johnnie[4]—
Take care how ye purchase a dram;
And there will be gay Cassencarrie,[5]
And there will be gleg Colonel Tam.[6]

And there will be folk frae St. Mary's,
A house of great merit and note;[7]
The deil ane but honours them highly,
The deil's few will gie them a vote.

And there'll be Murray commander,[8]
And Gordon the battle to win;[9]

[1] Messrs. Hannay.
[2] Mr. Copland, of Collieston.
[3] Quintin M'Adam, of Craigengillan.
[4] Mr. John Syme, distributer of stamps, Dumfries.
[5] ———, of Cassencarrie.
[6] Colonel Goldie, of Goldielea.
[7] The family of the Earl of Selkirk.
[8] Mr. Murray, of Broughton. This gentleman had left his wife, and eloped with a lady of rank. Large fortune had allowed him to do this with comparative impunity, and even without forfeiting the alliance of his wife's relations, one of whom he was supporting in this election.
[9] Mr. Gordon, of Balmaghie, the government candidate.

Like brothers they'll stand by each other,
Sae knit in alliance and sin.

And there will be black-lippit Johnnie,[1]
The tongue o' the trump to them a';
An he gets na hell for his haddin, habitation
The deil gets nae justice ava. at all

And there'll be Kempleton's birkie,[2]
A chiel no sae black at the bane;
For as for his fine nabob fortune,
We'll e'en let that subject alane.[3]

And there'll be Wigton's new sheriff,[4]
Dame Justice fu' brawly has sped;
She's gotten the heart o' a Bushby,
But, Lord! what's become o' the head?

And there'll be Cardoness Esquire,[5]
Sae mighty in Cardoness' eyes,

[1] Mr. John Bushby.

[2] William Bushby, of Kempleton, brother of John. He had been involved in the ruinous affair of Douglas, Heron, & Co.'s Bank, and had subsequently gone to India, where he realized a fortune.

[3] Variation:

For now what he wan in the Indies,
Has scoured up the laddie fu' clean.

[4] Mr. Maitland Bushby, son of John, and newly appointed sheriff of Wigtonshire. The same idea occurs in *The Epistle of Esopus to Maria.*

[5] David Maxwell, of Cardoness.

A wight that will weather damnation,
For the devil the prey will despise.

And there is our king's lord-lieutenant,
So famed for his grateful return;
The birkie is getting his questions, fellow
To say in St. Stephen's the morn.

And there will be Douglasses doughty
New-christening towns far and near;[1]
Abjuring their democrat doings,
By kissing the —— of a peer.

And there'll be lads o' the gospel;
Muirhead, wha's as guid as he's true;[2]
Aud there'll be Buittle's apostle,
Wha's mair o' the black than the blue.[3]

And there'll be Kenmure sae generous,[4]
Whase honour is proof to the storm;
To save them frae stark reprobation,
He lent them his name to the firm.

And there'll be Logan M'Dowall,[5]
Sculduddery and he will be there;

[1] The Messrs. Douglas, brothers, of Carlinwark (*new-christened* by them Castle-Douglas) and Orchardton.

[2] Rev. Mr. Muirhead, minister of Urr.

[3] Rev. George Maxwell, minister of Buittle.

[4] Mr. Gordon, of Kenmure.

[5] Captain M'Dowall, of Logan, the hero of *Ye Banks and Braes o' Bonny Doon.*

And also the wild Scot o' Galloway,
Sodgering gunpowder Blair.[1]

But we winna mention Redcastle,[2]
The body, e'en let him escape!
He'd venture the gallows for siller,
An' 'twere na' the cost o' the rape. rope

Then hey the chaste interest o' Broughton,
And hey for the blessings 'twill bring!
It may send Balmaghie to the Commons,
In Sodom, 'twould make him a king.

And hey for the sanctified Murray,
Our land who wi' chapels has stored;
He foundered his horse among harlots,
But gied the auld naig to the Lord.

[1] Mr. Blair, of Dunskey.
[2] Walter Sloan Lawrie, of Redcastle.

JOHN BUSHBY'S LAMENTATION.

TUNE— *The Babes in the Wood.*

After the election, which was decided in Mr. Heron's favor, Burns could not resist the temptation to raise a pæan of triumph over the discomfited earl and his factotum Bushby.

'TWAS in the seventeen hunder year
O' grace and ninety-five,
That year I was the wae'est man saddest
O' ony man alive.

In March the three-and-twentieth morn,
The sun raise clear and bright;
But oh I was a waefu' man
Ere to-fa' o' the night. night-fall

Yerl Galloway lang did rule this land,
Wi' *equal* right and fame,
And thereto was his kinsman joined
The Murray's noble name.[1]

[1] Variation :

Fast knit in chaste and haly bands,
Wi' Broughton's noble name.

Yerl Galloway lang did rule the land,
Made me the judge o' strife;
But now Yerl Galloway's sceptre's broke,
And eke my hangman's knife.[1]

'Twas by the banks o' bonny Dee,
Beside Kirkcudbright's towers,
The Stewart and the Murray there
Did muster a' their powers.

The Murray, on the auld gray yaud, jade
Wi' *wingèd spurs* did ride,[2]
That auld gray yaud, yea,[3] Nidsdale rade,
He staw upon Nidside. stole

An there had na been the yerl himsel',
O there had been nae play;
But Garlies was to London gane,
And sae the kye might stray.

[1] Variation:

Earl Galloway's man o' men was I,
And chief o' Broughton's host;
So twa blind beggars on a string
The faithfu' tyke will trust. dog
But now Earl Galloway's sceptre's broke,
And Broughton's wi' the slain,
And I my ancient craft may try,
Sin' honesty is gane.

[2] An obscure allusion to the lady with whom Murray had eloped — a member of the house of Johnston, whose well-known crest is a winged spur.

[3] Variation: a.

And there was Balmaghie, I ween,
In front rank he wad shine;
But Balmaghie had better been
Drinking Madeira wine.

Frae the[1] Glenkens came to our aid,
A chief o' doughty deed;
In case that worth should wanted be,
O' Kenmure we had need.

And by our banners marched Muirhead,
And Buittle was na slack;
Whase haly priesthood nane can stain,
For wha can dye the black?

And there sae grave Squire Cardoness,
Looked on till a' was done;
Sae, in the tower o' Cardoness,
A howlet sits at noon. owl

And there led I the Bushby clan,
My gamesome billie Will; brother
And my son Maitland, wise as brave,
My footsteps followed still.

The Douglas and the Heron's name
We set nought to their score;
The Douglas and the Heron's name
Had felt our weight[2] before.

[1] Variation: And fra. [2] Variation: Might.

But Douglasses o' weight had we,
The pair o' lusty lairds,
For building cot-houses sae famed,
And christening kail-yards.

And there Redcastle drew his sword,
That ne'er was stained wi' gore,
Save on a wanderer lame and blind,
To drive him frae his door.

And last came creeping C——l——n,
Was mair in fear than wrath;
Ae knave was constant in his mind,
To keep that knave frae scaith. * * *

THE DUMFRIES VOLUNTEERS.

TUNE — *Push about the Jorum.*

In the early part of 1795, two companies of volunteers were raised by Dumfries, as its quota towards the stationary troops which were found necessary at that crisis, when the regular army was chiefly engaged in maintaining external warfare against France. Many a liberal who had incurred the wrath or sus-

picion of the government and its friends, was glad to enroll himself in these corps, in order to prove that he bore a sound heart towards his country. Syme, Dr. Maxwell, and others of the Dumfries Whigs, took this step, and Burns also joined the corps, though, according to Allan Cunningham, not without opposition from some of the haughty Tories, who demurred about his political opinions. The poet made a further and more public demonstration of his sentiments about Gallic propagandism, by penning this well-known song.

DOES haughty Gaul invasion threat?
Then let the loons beware, sir;
There's wooden walls upon our seas,
And volunteers on shore, sir.
The Nith shall run to Corsincon,[1]
And Criffel [2] sink in Solway,
Ere we permit a foreign foe
On British ground to rally!
Fall de rall, etc.

Oh, let us not like snarling tykes — dogs
In wrangling be divided;
Till, slap, come in an unco loon, — stranger
And wi' a rung decide it. — bludgeon
Be Britain still to Britain true,
Among oursel's united;

[1] A high hill at the source of the Nith. — *B.*
[2] A well-known mountain near the mouth of the Nith.

For never but by British hands
Maun British wrangs be righted.
Fall de rall, etc.

The kettle o' the Kirk and State,
Perhaps a clout may fail in't; patch
But deil a foreign tinkler loon
Shall ever ca' a nail in't. drive
Our fathers' bluid the kettle bought,
And wha wad dare to spoil it, —
By Heaven, the sacrilegious dog
Shall fuel be to boil it!
Fall de rall, etc.

The wretch that wad a tyrant own,
And the wretch his true-born brother,
Wh' 'ould set the *mob* aboon the *throne*,
May they be damned together!
Who will not sing "God save the King,"
Shall hang as high's the steeple;
But while we sing "God save the King,"
We'll ne'er forget the People.

TOAST FOR THE 12TH OF APRIL.

In the same spirit, and in much the same phraseology, was an epigram which Burns is said to have given forth at a festive meeting to celebrate Rodney's victory of the 12th of April.

INSTEAD of a song, boys, I'll give you a toast —
Here's the memory of those on the twelfth that we lost! —
That we lost, did I say? nay, by Heaven, that we found;
For their fame it shall last while the world goes round.
The next in succession, I'll give you — the King!
Whoe'er would betray him, on high may he swing;
And here's the grand fabric, our free Constitution,
As built on the base of the great Revolution!
And longer with politics not to be crammed,
Be Anarchy cursed, and be Tyranny damned;
And who would to Liberty e'er prove disloyal,
May his son be a hangman, and he his first trial!

OH, WAT YE WHA'S IN YON TOWN?

TUNE — *We'll gang nae mair to yon Town.*

The Lucy to whom this song was composed (or adapted) was Lucy Johnston, daughter of Wynne Johnston, Esq., of Hilton, and wife of Mr. Richard Oswald of Auchincruive, a young Ayrshire gentleman of great wealth, then living near Dumfries. Mrs. Oswald died of consumption in the fifth year of her marriage.

It is curious that, when lately commenced, Burns had assigned the name *Jeanie* to the heroine, apparently having a totally different person in his eye. We have seen that it was no unusual thing with him to shift the devotion of verse from one person to another, or to make one poem serve as a compliment to more than one individual.

OH, wat ye wha's in yon town,
Ye see the e'enin' sun upon?
The fairest dame's in yon town,
That e'enin' sun is shining on.

Now haply down yon gay green shaw, wood
She wanders by yon spreading tree;
How blest ye flowers that round her blaw,
Ye catch the glances o' her e'e!

How blest ye birds that round her sing,
And welcome in the blooming year!
And doubly welcome be the spring,
The season to my Lucy dear.

The sun blinks blithe on yon town, gleams
And on yon bonny braes of Ayr;
But my delight in yon town,
And dearest bliss,[1] is Lucy fair.

Without my love, not a' the charms
O' Paradise could yield me joy;
But gie me Lucy in my arms,
And welcome Lapland's dreary sky!

My cave wad be a lover's bower,
Though raging winter rent the air;
And she a lovely little flower,
That I wad tent and shelter there. tend

Oh, sweet is she in yon town,
Yon sinkin' sun's gane down upon;
A fairer than's in yon town
His setting beam ne'er shone upon.

If angry fate is sworn my foe,
And suffering I am doomed to bear,
I careless quit aught else below,
But spare me — spare me, Lucy dear!

[1] In original manuscript, "joy."

For while life's dearest blood is warm,
Ae thought frae her shall ne'er depart,
And she — as fairest is her form!
She has the truest, kindest heart!

April, 1795 (?)

ADDRESS TO THE WOODLARK.

TUNE — *Where'll bonny Ann lie?* or, *Loch-Erroch Side.*

O STAY, sweet warbling woodlark, stay!
Nor quit for me the trembling spray;
A hapless lover courts thy lay,
Thy soothing, fond complaining.

Again, again that tender part,
That I may catch thy melting art;
For surely that wad touch her heart,
Wha kills me wi' disdaining.

Say, was thy little mate unkind,
And heard thee as the careless wind?
Oh! nocht but love and sorrow joined,
Sic notes o' wo could wauken.

Thou tells o' never-ending care,
O' speechless grief, and dark despair:
For pity's sake, sweet bird, nae mair,
Or my poor heart is broken!

May, 1795 (?)

ON CHLORIS BEING ILL.

TUNE—*Aye wakin' O.*

CHORUS.

LONG, long the night,
Heavy comes the morrow,
While my soul's delight
Is on her bed of sorrow.

Can I cease to care?
Can I cease to languish?
While my darling fair
Is on the couch of anguish?

Every hope is fled,
Every fear is terror;
Slumber even I dread;
Every dream is horror.

Hear me, Powers divine!
Oh, in pity hear me!
Take aught else of mine,
But my Chloris spare me!

THEIR GROVES O' SWEET MYRTLE.

TUNE — *Humours of Glen.*

THEIR groves o' sweet myrtle let foreign lands reckon,
Where bright-beaming summers exalt the perfume;
Far dearer to me yon lone glen o' green breckan, fern
Wi' the burn stealing under the lang yellow broom.

Far dearer to me are yon humble broom bowers,
Where the blue-bell and gowan lurk wild daisy lowly unseen:
For there, lightly tripping amang the wild-flowers,
A-listening the linnet, aft wanders my Jean.

Though rich is the breeze in their gay sunny
valleys,
And cauld Caledonia's blast on the wave,
Their sweet-scented woodlands that skirt the
proud palace,
What are they? — the haunt of the tyrant
and slave!

The slave's spicy forests, and gold-bubbling
fountains,
The brave Caledonian views wi' disdain;
He wanders as free as the winds of his moun-
tains,
Save Love's willing fetters — the chains o'
his Jean!

'TWAS NA HER BONNY BLUE E'E WAS MY RUIN.

TUNE — *Laddie, lie near me.*

'TWAS na her bonny blue e'e was my ruin;
Fair though she be, that was ne'er my undo-
ing:
'Twas the dear smile when naebody did mind us,
'Twas the bewitching, sweet, stown glance o' stolen
kindness.

Sair do I fear that to hope is denied me,
Sair do I fear that despair maun abide me;
But though fell fortune should fate us to sever,
Queen shall she be in my bosom for ever!

Mary, I'm thine wi' a passion sincerest,
And thou hast plighted me love o' the dearest;
And thou'rt the angel that never can alter;
Sooner the sun in his motion would falter.

HOW CRUEL ARE THE PARENTS!

ALTERED FROM AN OLD ENGLISH SONG.

TUNE — *John Anderson, my Jo.*

How cruel are the parents
Who riches only prize,
And to the wealthy booby,
Poor woman sacrifice!
Meanwhile, the hapless daughter
Has but a choice of strife; —

To shun a tyrant father's hate,
Become a wretched wife.

The ravening hawk pursuing,
The trembling dove thus flies,
To shun impelling ruin
Awhile her pinions tries:
Till of escape despairing,
No shelter or retreat,
She trusts the ruthless falconer,
And drops beneath his feet.

May, 1795.

MARK YONDER POMP OF COSTLY FASHION.

TUNE — *Deil tak the Wars.*

MARK yonder pomp of costly fashion
Round the wealthy, titled bride;
But when compared with real passion,
Poor is all that princely pride.
What are the showy treasures?
What are the noisy pleasures?
The gay gaudy glare of vanity and art:

The polished jewel's blaze
May draw the wondering gaze,
And courtly grandeur bright
The fancy may delight,
But never, never can come near the heart.

But did you see my dearest Chloris,
In simplicity's array;
Lovely as yonder sweet opening flower is,
Shrinking from the gaze of day;—
Oh then, the heart alarming,
And all resistless charming,
In Love's delightful fetters she chains the willing soul!
Ambition would disown
The world's imperial crown,
Even Avarice would deny
His worshipped deity,
And feel through every vein Love's raptures roll.

May, 1795.

FORLORN, MY LOVE, NO COMFORT NEAR.

TUNE—*Let me in this ae Night.*

FORLORN, my love, no comfort near,
Far, far from thee, I wander here;
Far, far from thee, the fate severe
At which I most repine, love.

CHORUS.

Oh, wert thou, love, but near me,
But near, near, near me,
How kindly thou wouldst cheer me,
And mingle sighs with mine, love!

Around me scowls a wintry sky,
That blasts each bud of hope and joy;
And shelter, shade, nor home have I,
Save in those arms of thine, love.

Cold, altered Friendship's cruel part,
To poison Fortune's ruthless dart—
Let me not break thy faithful heart,
And say that fate is mine, love.

But dreary though the moments fleet,
Oh, let me think we yet shall meet!
That only ray of solace sweet
Can on thy Chloris shine, love.

LAST MAY A BRAW WOOER.

TUNE — *The Lothian Lassie.*

LAST May a braw wooer cam down the lang glen,
And sair wi' his love he did deave me; deafen
I said there was naething I hated like men;
The deuce gae wi'm to believe me, believe me;
The deuce gae wi'm to believe me!

He spak o' the darts o' my bonny black e'en,
And vowed for my love he was dying;
I said he might die when he liked for Jean;
The Lord forgie me for lying, for lying;
The Lord forgie me for lying!

A well-stocked mailen — himsel' for the laird — farm
And marriage aff-hand, were his proffers;

I never loot on that I kenned it, or cared, let
But thought I might hae waur offers, waur worse offers;
But thought I might hae waur offers.

But what wad ye think?—in a fortnight or less,
The deil tak his taste to gae near her!
He up the Gateslack to my black cousin Bess,
Guess ye how, the jad! I could bear her, could bear her;
Guess ye how, the jad! I could bear her!

But a' the niest week as I fretted wi' care, next
I gaed to the tryste o' Dalgarnock, market, fair
And wha but my fine fickle lover was there!
I glowred as I'd seen a warlock, a stared warlock;
I glowred as I'd seen a warlock.

But owre my left shouther I gae him a blink,
Lest neibors might say I was saucy;
My wooer he capered as he'd been in drink,
And vowed I was his dear lassie, dear lassie;
And vowed I was his dear lassie!

I speered for my cousin fu' couthy asked—kindly and sweet,
Gin she had recovered her hearin',

And how my auld shoon fitted her
shachl't feet, distorted
But, Heavens! how he fell a swearin', a swearin';
But, Heavens! how he fell a swearin'.

He begged, for guidsake, I wad be his wife,
Or else I wad kill him wi' sorrow;
So e'en to preserve the poor body in life,
I think I maun wed him to-morrow, to-morrow;
I think I maun wed him to-morrow.

July, 1795.

WHY, WHY TELL THY LOVER.

TUNE — *The Caledonian Hunt's Delight.*

WHY, why tell thy lover,
Bliss he never must enjoy?
Why, why undeceive him,
And give all his hopes the lie?
O why, while fancy, raptured, slumbers,
Chloris, Chloris all the theme,
Why, why wouldst thou cruel,
Wake thy lover from his dream?

July, 1795.

O THIS IŞ NO MY AIN LASSIE.

TUNE — *This is no my ain House.*

CHORUS.

O THIS is no my ain lassie,
Fair though the lassie be;
O weel ken I my ain lassie,
Kind love is in her e'e.[1]

I see a form, I see a face,
Ye weel may wi' the fairest place;
It wants, to me, the witching grace,
The kind love that's in her e'e.

She's bonny, blooming, straight, and tall,
And lang has had my heart in thrall;
And aye it charms my very saul,
The kind love that's in her e'e.

A thief sae pawkie is my Jean, sly
To steal a blink, by a' unseen;

[1] The reader will learn with surprise that the poet originally wrote this chorus —

O this is no my ain Body,
Kind though the Body be, etc.

But gleg as light are lovers' e'en, quick
When kind love is in the e'e.

It may escape the courtly sparks,
It may escape the learnèd clerks;
But weel the watching lover marks
The kind love that's in her e'e.

August, 1795.

NOW SPRING HAS CLAD THE GROVE IN GREEN.

Now spring has clad the grove in green,
And strewed the lea wi' flowers;
The furrowed, waving corn is seen
Rejoice in fostering showers;
While ilka thing in nature join
Their sorrows to forego,
O why thus all alone are mine
The weary steps of wo!

The trout within yon wimpling burn winding brook
Glides swift — a silver dart —

And safe beneath the shady thorn
Defies the angler's art.
My life was ance that careless stream,
That wanton trout was I;
But love, wi' unrelenting beam,
Has scorched my fountains dry.

The little floweret's peaceful lot,
In yonder cliff that grows,
Which, save the linnet's flight, I wot,
Nae ruder visit knows,
Was mine; till love has o'er me past,
And blighted a' my bloom,
And now beneath the withering blast
My youth and joy consume.

The wakened laverock warbling springs,
And climbs the early sky,
Winnowing blithe her dewy wings
In morning's rosy eye.
As little recked I sorrow's power,
Until the flowery snare
O' witching love, in luckless hour,
Made me the thrall o' care.

O had my fate been Greenland snows,
Or Afric's burning zone,
Wi' man and nature leagued my foes,
So Peggy ne'er I'd known!

The wretch whase doom is, "hope nae mair,"
What tongue his woes can tell!
Within whase bosom, save despair,
Nae kinder spirits dwell!

August, 1795.

O BONNY WAS YON ROSY BRIER.

"Written on the blank leaf of a copy of the last edition of my Poems, presented to the lady whom, in so many fictitious reveries of passion, but with the most ardent sentiments of real friendship, I have so often sung under the name of Chloris." — *Burns to Mr. Thomson, August*, 1795.

O BONNY was yon rosy brier
That blooms sae far frae haunt o' man;
And bonny she, and ah! how dear!
It shaded frae the e'enin' sun.

Yon rose-buds in the morning dew,
How pure amang the leaves sae green!
But purer was the lover's vow
They witnessed in their shade yestreen.

All in its rude and prickly bower,
That crimson rose, how sweet and fair!

But love is far a sweeter flower
Amid life's thorny path o' care.

The pathless wild and wimpling burn, winding brook
Wi' Chloris in my arms, be mine;
And I the world, nor wish, nor scorn,
Its joys and griefs alike resign.

INSCRIPTION

FOR AN ALTAR TO INDEPENDENCE, AT KERROUGHTREE, THE SEAT OF MR. HERON.

Assigned by Dr. Currie to the summer of 1795.

THOU of an independent mind,
With soul resolved, with soul resigned;
Prepared Power's proudest frown to brave,
Who wilt not be, nor have a slave;
Virtue alone who dost revere,
Thy own reproach alone dost fear, —
Approach this shrine, and worship here!

THE DUKE OF QUEENSBERRY.

Allusion has several times been made to the Duke of Queensberry, as a personage held in hatred by the poet. The two following stanzas were probably a part of the election-ballad of 1790, but omitted from the copy sent by the author to Mr. Graham.

How shall I sing Drumlanrig's Grace —
Discarded remnant of a race
Once great in martial story?
His forbears' virtues all contrasted — ancestors
The very name of Douglas blasted —
His that inverted glory.

Hate, envy, oft the Douglas bore;
But he has superadded more,
And sunk them in contempt;
Follies and crimes have stained the name,
But, Queensberry, thine the virgin claim,
From aught that's good exempt.

VERSES ON THE DESTRUCTION OF THE WOODS NEAR DRUMLANRIG.

In 1795, the Duke of Queensberry stripped his domains of Drumlanrig, in Dumfriesshire, and Neidpath, in Peeblesshire, of all the wood fit for being cut, in order to furnish a dowry for the Countess of Yarmouth, whom he supposed to be his daughter, and to whom, by a singular piece of good-fortune on her part, Mr. George Selwyn, the celebrated wit, also left a fortune, under the same (probably equally mistaken) impression. It fell to the lot of Wordsworth to avenge on the "degenerate Douglas" his leaving old Neidpath so "beggared and outraged." The vindication of nature in the case of Drumlanrig became a pleasing duty to Burns. In one of his rides, he inscribed the following verses on the back of a window-shutter in an inn or toll-house near the scene of the devastations.

As on the banks o' wandering Nith,
  Ae smiling simmer-morn I strayed,
And traced its bonny howes and haughs,[1] hollows
  Where linties sang and lambkins played, linnets
I sat me down upon a craig,
  And drank my fill o' fancy's dream;
When, from the eddying deep below,
  Uprose the genius of the stream.

[1] Low lands on the margin of a river (the New England "interval.")

Dark, like the frowning rock, his brow,
And troubled, like his wintry wave,
And deep, as sughs the boding wind sughs
Amang his eaves, the sigh he gave: —
"And came ye here, my son," he cried,
"To wander in my birken shade?
To muse some favourite Scottish theme,
Or sing some favourite Scottish maid.

"There was a time, it's nae lang syne,
Ye might hae seen me in my pride,
When a' my banks sae bravely saw
Their woody pictures in my tide;
When hanging beech and spreading elm
Shaded my stream sae clear and cool,
And stately oaks their twisted arms
Threw broad and dark across the pool;

"When glinting, through the trees, appeared
The wee white cot aboon the mill,
And peacefu' rose its ingle reek, chimney smoke
That slowly curled up the hill.
But now the cot is bare and cauld,
Its branchy shelter's lost and gane,
And scarce a stinted birk is left
To shiver in the blast its lane." alone

"Alas!" said I, "what ruefu' chance
Has twined ye o' your stately trees? deprived
Has laid your rocky bosom bare?

Has stripped the cleeding o' your braes? clothing
Was it the bitter eastern blast,
That scatters blight in early spring?
Or was't the wil'fire scorched their boughs,
Or canker-worm wi' secret sting?"

"Nae eastlin blast," the sprite replied;
"It blew na here sae fierce and fell;
And on my dry and halesome banks
Nae canker-worms get leave to dwell:
Man! cruel man!" the genius sighed,
As through the cliffs he sank him down,
"The worm that gnawed my bonny trees,
That reptile wears a ducal crown." [1]

ADDRESS,

SPOKEN BY MISS FONTENELLE ON HER BENEFIT-NIGHT.[2]

STILL anxious to secure your partial favour,
And not less anxious, sure, this night, than ever,

[1] This piece was printed, probably for the first time, in a private book, entitled *Original Poems on Several Occasions*, 2 vols., Greenock, 1817, being chiefly the production of Collector Dunlop of that town, and only ten copies being printed, to be given to friends.

[2] December 4, 1795.

A Prologue, Epilogue, or some such matter,
'Twould vamp my bill, said I, if nothing better:
So sought a Poet, roosted near the skies,
Told him I came to feast my curious eyes;
Said, nothing like his works was ever printed;
And last, my Prologue-business slily hinted.
"Ma'am, let me tell you," quoth my man of rhymes,
"I know your bent — these are no laughing times:
Can you — but, Miss, I own I have my fears —
Dissolve in pause and sentimental tears,
With laden sighs, and solemn-rounded sentence;
Rouse from his sluggish slumbers fell Repentance;
Paint Vengeance as he takes his horrid stand,
Waving on high the desolating brand,
Calling the storms to bear him o'er a guilty land?"

I could no more — askance the creature eyeing,
D'ye think, said I, this face was made for crying?
I'll laugh, that's poz — nay, more, the world shall know it;
And so, your servant, gloomy Master Poet!
Firm as my creed, Sirs, 'tis my fixed belief,
That Misery's another word for Grief;
I also think — so may I be a bride!
That so much laughter, so much life enjoyed.

Thou man of crazy care and ceaseless sigh,
Still under bleak Misfortune's blasting eye;
Doomed to that sorest task of man alive —
To make three guineas do the work of five;
Laugh in Misfortune's face — the beldam witch!
Say, you'll be merry, though you can't be rich.
Thou other man of care, the wretch in love,
Who long with jiltish arts and airs hast strove;
Who, as the boughs all temptingly project,
Measur'st in desperate thought — a rope — thy neck —
Or, where the beetling cliff o'erhangs the deep,
Peerest to meditate the healing leap:
Wouldst thou be cured, thou silly, moping elf!
Laugh at her follies — laugh e'en at thyself:
Learn to despise those frowns now so terrific,
And love a kinder — that's your grand specific.

To sum up all, be merry, I advise,
And as we're merry, may we still be wise.

TO COLLECTOR MITCHELL.

It was probably at the end of the year that the poet addressed a short unceremonious rhymed epistle to worthy Collector Mitchell, alluding to a want of ready money, which he desired his friend to remedy by the temporary advance of a guinea, and also speaking of his illness as leaving him with resolutions of more careful conduct in future.

FRIEND of the Poet, tried and leal,
Wha, wanting thee, might beg or steal;
Alake, alake, the meikle deil
Wi' a' his witches
Are at it, skelpin' jig and reel, footing briskly
In my poor pouches!

I modestly fu' fain wad hint it,
That one-pound-one, I sairly want it;
If wi' the hizzie down ye sent it, servant-girl
It would be kind;
And while my heart wi' life-blood dunted, throbbed
I'd bear't in mind.

So may the auld year gang out moaning
To see the new come laden, groaning,

Wi' double plenty o'er the loanin,[1]
To thee and thine:
Domestic peace and comforts crowning
The hale design.

POSTSCRIPT.

Ye've heard this while how I've been licket,
And by fell death was nearly nicket; cut off
Grim loon! he got me by the fecket, waistcoat
And sair me sheuk;
But by guid-luck I lap a wicket,
And turned a neuk.

But by that health, I've got a share o't,
And by that life, I'm promised mair o't,
My hale and weel I'll tak a care o't,
A tentier way; more heedful
Then farewell folly, hide and hair o't,
For ance and aye!

[1] An opening between fields of corn, near or leading to the homestead, left uncultivated for the sake of driving the cattle homewards. Here the cows are frequently milked.

THE DEAN OF FACULTY,

A BALLAD.

The present was a season of national distress, in consequence of a failure of the late harvest. Discontents, meetings, and mobbings alarmed the ministry, and towards the close of the year, it was conceived that some additional restrictions upon the expression of public sentiment were necessary: hence the celebrated sedition-bill of that period. The broken remains of the Whig party were greatly exasperated by the measure, and amongst the various expressions of adverse sentiment in Scotland, none attracted more attention than a public meeting which took place at the Circus — now Adelphi Theatre — in Edinburgh, where the Honorable Henry Erskine, Dean of the Faculty of Advocates, presided. The Tory majority of the Scottish bar, seeing their chief thus engaged, as they said, in "agitating the giddy and ignorant multitude, and cherishing such humors and dispositions as directly tend to overturn the laws," resolved, at the approaching annual election to the deanship, to oppose Mr. Erskine's reappointment. On the 12th of January, 1796, the election took place, when Mr. Dundas, the Lord Advocate, was preferred to honest Harry by a majority of 123 against 38 votes. It was not likely that Burns would hear of the degradation of his friend and ancient patron with tranquil feelings,

or remain quite silent on the occasion. He privately circulated the following effusion referring to the contest.

DIRE was the hate at old Harlaw,
That Scot to Scot did carry;
And dire the discord Langside saw,
For beauteous hapless Mary;
But Scot with Scot ne'er met so hot,
Or were more in fury seen, Sir,
Than 'twixt Hal and Bob for the famous job —
Who should be Faculty's Dean, Sir.

This Hal for genius, wit, and lore,
Among the first was numbered;
But pious Bob, 'mid learning's store,
Commandment tenth remembered.
Yet simple Bob the victory got,
And won his heart's desire;
Which shews that Heaven can boil the pot,
Though the devil —— in the fire.

Squire Hal besides had in this case
Pretensions rather brassy,
For talents to deserve a place
Are qualifications saucy;
So their worships of the Faculty,
Quite sick of merit's rudeness,
Chose one who should owe it all, d'ye see,
To their gratis grace and goodness.

As once on Pisgah purged was the sight
Of a son of Circumcision,
So may be, on this Pisgah height,
Bob's purblind, mental vision:
Nay, Bobby's mouth may be opened yet,
Till for eloquence you hail him,
And swear he has the Angel met
That met the Ass of Balaam.

In your heretic sins may you live and die,
Ye heretic Eight-and-Thirty!
But accept, ye sublime majority,
My congratulations hearty!
With your Honours and a certain King,
In your servants this is striking, —
The more incapacity they bring,
The more they're to your liking.

TO COLONEL DE PEYSTER.

Early in the month of January, when his health was in the course of improvement, Burns tarried to a late hour at a jovial party in the Globe Tavern. Before returning home, he unluckily remained for

some time in the open air, and, overpowered by the effects of the liquor he had drunk, fell asleep. In these circumstances, and in the peculiar condition to which a severe medicine had reduced his constitution, a fatal chill penetrated to his bones: he reached home with the seeds of a rheumatic fever already in possession of his weakened frame. In this little accident, and not in the pressure of poverty or disrepute, or wounded feelings or a broken heart, truly lay the determining cause of the sadly shortened days of this great poet.

The commander of the Dumfries Volunteer Corps having sent to make inquiries after his health, Burns replied in rhyme.

My honoured colonel, deep I feel
Your interest in the poet's weal:
Ah! now sma' heart hae I to speel — climb
The steep Parnassus,
Surrounded thus by bolus pill,
And potion glasses.

O what a canty warld were it, — merry
Would pain and care and sickness spare it;
And fortune favour worth and merit,
As they deserve!
And aye a rowth roast-beef and claret; — plenty
Syne, wha wad starve? — Then

Dame Life, though fiction out may trick her,
And in paste gems and frippery deck her —

Oh! flickering, feeble, and unsicker — uncertain
I've found her still,
Aye wavering like the willow-wicker,
'Tween good and ill.

Then that curst Carmagnole, auld Satan,
Watches like baudrons by a rattan, — the cat
Our sinfu' saul to get a claut on — clutch
Wi' felon ire;
Syne, whip! his tail ye'll ne'er cast saut on —
He's aff like fire.

Ah Nick! ah Nick! it is na fair,
First shewing us the tempting ware,
Bright wines and bonny lasses rare,
To put us daft; — mad
Syne weave, unseen, thy spider snare
O' hell's damned waft.

Poor man, the flee, aft bizzes by,
And aft, as chance he comes thee nigh,
Thy auld damned elbow yeuks wi' joy, — itches
And hellish pleasure;
Already in thy fancy's eye,
Thy sicker treasure! — certain

Soon, heels-o'er-gowdie! in he gangs, — heels-overhead
And like a sheep-head on a tangs, — tongs
Thy girning laugh enjoys his pangs — grinning
And murdering wrestle,

As, dangling in the wind, he hangs
A gibbet's tassel.

But lest you think I am uncivil,
To plague you with this draunting drivel,
Abjuring a' intentions evil,
I quat my pen:
The Lord preserve us frae the devil!
Amen! Amen!

HEY FOR A LASS WI' A TOCHER.

TUNE — *Balinamona ora.*

AWA' wi' your witchcraft o' beauty's alarms,
The slender bit beauty you grasp in your arms:
O gie me the lass that has acres o' charms,
O gie me the lass wi' the weel-stockit farms!

CHORUS.

Then hey for a lass wi' a tocher, then hey
for a lass wi' a tocher; dower
Then hey for a lass wi' a tocher — the nice
yellow guineas for me.

Your beauty's a flower, in the morning that
blows,
And withers the faster the faster it grows,
But the rapturous charm o' the bonny green
knowes,
Ilk spring they're new deckit wi' bonny white
yowes! ewes

And e'en when this beauty your bosom has blest,
The brightest o' beauty may cloy, when possest;
But the sweet yellow darlings wi' Geordie im-
prest,
The langer ye hae them, the mair they're carest.

February, 1796.

JESSY.

"I once mentioned to you an air which I have long admired — *Here's a Health to them that's awa'*, *Hiney*, but I forget if you took any notice of it. I have just been trying to suit it with verses, and I beg leave to recommend the air to your attention once more. I have only begun it." — *Burns to Mr. Thomson, about May* 17, 1796.

Jessy Lewars was a friend of Mrs. Burns, who acted the part of a ministering angel in the poet's house dur-

ing the whole of this dismal period of distress. It is curious to find him, even in his present melancholy circumstances, imagining himself as the lover of his wife's kind-hearted young friend, as if the position of the mistress were the most exalted in which his fancy could place any woman he admired, or towards whom he felt gratitude.

CHORUS.

HERE'S a health to ane I lo'e dear!
Here's a health to ane I lo'e dear!
Thou art sweet as the smile when fond lovers meet,
And soft as their parting tear — Jessy!

Although thou maun never be mine,
Although even hope is denied,
'Tis sweeter for thee despairing,
Than aught in the world beside — Jessy!

I mourn through the gay, gaudy day,
As, hopeless, I muse on thy charms,
But welcome the dream o' sweet slumber,
For then I am lock't in thy arms — Jessy!

I guess by the dear angel smile,
I guess by the love-rolling e'e —
But why urge the tender confession,
'Gainst fortune's fell cruel decree — Jessy!

OH, WERT THOU IN THE CAULD BLAST.

The foregoing was not, however, the only strain of fancied love which Burns addressed to Jessy Lewars. The lady relates that one morning she had a call from the poet, when he offered, if she would play him any tune of which she was fond, and for which she desired new verses, to gratify her in her wish to the best of his ability. She played over several times the air of an old song beginning —

"The robin cam' to the wren's nest."

As soon as his ear got accustomed to the melody, Burns sat down, and in a very few minutes he produced this beautiful song.

Oh, wert thou in the cauld blast
On yonder lea, on yonder lea,
My plaidie to the angry airt, quarter
I'd shelter thee, I'd shelter thee!
Or did Misfortune's bitter storms
Around thee blaw, around thee blaw,
Thy bield should be my bosom, protection
To share it a', to share it a'!

Or were I in the wildest waste,
Sae black and bare, sae black and bare,

The desert were a paradise,
If thou wert there, if thou wert there!
Or were I monarch o' the globe,
Wi' thee to reign, wi' thee to reign,
The brightest jewel in my crown
Wad be my queen, wad be my queen!

AN EXCELLENT NEW SONG.

TUNE — *Buy Broom Besoms.*

Parliament being dissolved in May, there arose a new contest for the Stewartry of Kirkcudbright. Mr. Heron was opposed on this occasion by the Hon. Montgomery Stewart, a younger son of the Earl of Galloway. Burns, reduced in health as he was — confined, indeed, to a sick-chamber — could not remain an unconcerned on-looker. He produced a ballad more bitter against Mr. Heron's opponents than any launched on the former occasion. There is a set of vagrant traffickers in Scotland, somewhat superior to peddlers, and called *Troggers*. They deal in clothes and miscellaneous articles, and their wares are recognized under the general name of *Troggin*. Burns conceived a trogger, with the characters of the Galloway party for a stock.

WHA will buy my troggin,
Fine election ware;

Broken trade o' Broughton,
A' in high repair.
Buy braw troggin,
Frae the banks o' Dee;
Wha wants troggin
Let him come to me!

There's a noble earl's
Fame and high renown,[1]
For an auld sang—
It's thought the guids were stown. stolen
Buy braw troggin, etc.

Here's the worth o' Broughton,[2]
In a needle's e'e;
Here's a reputation
Tint by Balmaghie.[3] lost
Buy braw troggin, etc.

Here's its stuff and lining,
Cardoness's head;[4]
Fine for a sodger,
A' the wale o' lead. choice
Buy braw troggin, etc.

Here's a little wadset, mortgage
Buittle's scrap o' truth,[5]

[1] The Earl of Galloway. [2] Mr. Murray, of Broughton.
[3] Gordon, of Balmaghie. [4] Gordon, of Cardoness.
[5] Rev. George Maxwell, minister of Buittle.

Pawned in a gin-shop,
Quenching holy drouth.
Buy braw troggin, etc.

Here's an honest conscience
Might a prince adorn;
Frae the downs o' Tinwald —
So was never worn.[1]
Buy braw troggin, etc.

Here's armorial bearings,
Frae the manse o' Urr;
The crest, a sour crab-apple,
Rotten at the core.[2]
Buy braw troggin, etc.

Here is Satan's picture,
Like a bizzard gled, buzzard — kite
Pouncing poor Redcastle,[3]
Sprawlin' as a taed. toad
Buy braw troggin, etc.

Here's the font where Douglas
Stane and mortar names;

[1] A bitter allusion to Mr. Bushby.

[2] This appears to have been retaliation for an epigram launched by the Rev. Mr. Muirhead against Burns after the election of last year.

[3] Walter Sloan Lawrie, of Redcastle.

Lately used at C[aily]
Christening M[urray's] crimes.
Buy braw troggin, etc.

Here's the worth and wisdom
Collieston can boast;[1]
By a thievish midge gnat
They had been nearly lost.
Buy braw troggin, etc.

Here is Murray's fragments
O' the ten commands,
Gifted by black Jock,
To get them aff his hands.
Buy braw troggin, etc.

Saw ye e'er sic troggin?
If to buy ye're slack,
Hornie's turnin' chapman — The Devil
He'll buy a' the pack.
Buy braw troggin
Frae the banks o' Dee;
Wha wants troggin
Let him come to me!

[1] Copland, of Collieston.

EPIGRAMS ON MISS LEWARS.

Dr. Currie says, " The sense of his poverty, and of the approaching distress of his infant family, pressed heavily on Burns as he lay on the bed of death; yet he alluded to his indigence, at times, with something approaching to his wonted gayety. 'What business,' said he to Dr. Maxwell, who attended him with the utmost zeal, 'has a physician to waste his time on me? I am a poor pigeon not worth plucking. Alas! I have not feathers enough upon me to carry me to my grave.'" In even a gayer spirit, he would sometimes scribble verses of compliment to sweet young Jessy Lewars, as she tripped about on her missions of gentle charity from hall to kitchen and from kitchen to hall. His surgeon, Mr. Brown, one day brought in a long sheet, containing the particulars of a menagerie of wild beasts which he had just been visiting. As Mr. Brown was handing the sheet to Miss Lewars, Burns seized it, and wrote upon it a couple of verses with red chalk; after which he handed it to Miss Lewars, saying that it was now fit to be presented to a lady.

TALK not to me of savages
From Afric's burning sun;
No savage e'er could rend my heart,
As, Jessy, thou hast done.

But Jessy's lovely hand in mine,
A mutual faith to plight,
Not even to view the heavenly choir
Would be so blest a sight.

On another occasion, while Miss Lewars was waiting upon him in his sick-chamber, he took up a crystal goblet containing wine and water, and after writing upon it the following verses, in the character of a *Toast*, presented it to her.

Fill me with the rosy wine,
Call a toast — a toast divine;
Give the poet's darling flame,
Lovely Jessy be the name;
Then thou mayest freely boast
Thou hast given a peerless toast.

At this time of trouble, on Miss Lewars complaining of indisposition, he said, to provide for the worst, he would write her epitaph. He accordingly inscribed the following on another goblet, saying, "That will be a companion to the *Toast*."

Say, sages, what's the charm on earth
Can turn Death's dart aside?
It is not purity and worth, —
Else Jessy had not died.

On Miss Lewars recovering a little, the poet said

"There is a poetic reason for it," and wrote the following.

But rarely seen since Nature's birth,
The natives of the sky;
Yet still one seraph's left on earth,—
For Jessy did not die.[1]

FAIREST MAID ON DEVON BANKS.

TUNE — *Rothemurchie.*

At this crisis a sad stroke fell upon Burns in the form of a letter from a Dumfries solicitor, urging payment of an account (now ascertained to have amounted to £7 4*s.*) due, or overdue, to a draper for his volunteer uniform. It was generally believed of this tradesman by his contemporaries, that he would never have harassed the poor poet for the debt. In Scotland, however, a letter from a writer is generally regarded as a menacing step on the part of a creditor; and so did it appear on the present occasion to Burns, whose mind was too gloomy and excitable to take calm views on any such matter.

Under these circumstances, Burns thus wrote to Mr. Thomson:—

[1] The amiable Jessy Lewars, by marriage Mrs. James Thomson, spent the whole of her life in Dumfries, and died there in May, 1855.

"After all my boasted independence, curst Necessity compels me to implore you for five pounds. A cruel scoundrel of a haberdasher, to whom I owe an account, taking it into his head that I am dying, has commenced a process, and will infallibly put me into jail. Do, for God's sake, send me that sum, and that by return of post. Forgive me this earnestness; but the horrors of a jail have made me half distracted. I do not ask all this gratuitously; for, upon returning health, I hereby promise and engage to furnish you with five pounds' worth of the neatest song-genius you have seen. I tried my hand on *Rothemurchie* this morning. The measure is so difficult, that it is impossible to infuse much genius into the lines."—12*th July*, 1796.

To think of Burns composing love-verses in these circumstances! It was to happy days spent on the banks of the Devon, during the short blaze of his fame, and to Charlotte Hamilton and her youthful loveliness, that his mind reverted at this gloomy time.

CHORUS.

FAIREST maid on Devon banks:
Crystal Devon, winding Devon,
Wilt thou lay that frown aside,
And smile as thou wert wont to do?

Full well thou know'st I love thee dear:
Couldst thou to malice lend an ear?
Oh, did not love exclaim, "Forbear,
Nor use a faithful lover so?"

Then come, thou fairest of the fair,
Those wonted smiles, oh, let me share,
And by thy beauteous self I swear,
No love but thine my heart shall know!

SONGS,

OF WHICH THE DATE IS NOT KNOWN.

CALEDONIA.

TUNE — *Caledonian Hunt's Delight.*

THERE was once a day — but old Time then was young —
That brave Caledonia, the chief of her line,
From some of your northern deities sprung:
(Who knows not that brave Caledonia's divine?)
From Tweed to the Orcades was her domain,
To hunt, or to pasture, or do what she would:
Her heavenly relations there fixèd her reign,
And pledged their godheads to warrant it good.

A lambkin in peace, but a lion in war,
The pride of her kindred the heroine grew:
Her grandsire, old Odin, triumphantly swore,
"Whoe'er shall provoke thee, the encounter shall rue!"

With tillage or pasture at times she would sport,
To feed her fair flocks by her green rustling corn;
But chiefly the woods were her fav'rite resort,
Her darling amusement the hounds and the horn.

Long quiet she reigned, till thitherward steers
A flight of bold eagles from Adria's strand;
Repeated, successive, for many long years,
They darkened the air, and they plundered the land:
Their pounces were murder, and terror their cry,
They'd conquered and ruined a world beside;
She took to her hills, and her arrows let fly —
The daring invaders they fled or they died.

The fell harpy-raven took wing from the north,
The scourge of the seas, and the dread of the shore;
The wild Scandinavian boar issued forth
To wanton in carnage, and wallow in gore:
O'er countries and kingdoms their fury prevailed,
No arts could appease them, no arms could repel;
But brave Caledonia in vain they assailed,
As Largs well can witness, and Loncartie tell.

The Cameleon-savage disturbed her repose,
With tumult, disquiet, rebellion, and strife;

Provoked beyond bearing, at last she arose,
And robbed him at once of his hopes and his life.
The Anglian lion, the terror of France,
Oft prowling, ensanguined the Tweed's silver flood;
But, taught by the bright Caledonian lance,
He learned to fear in his own native wood.

Thus bold, independent, unconquered, and free,
Her bright course of glory for ever shall run;
For brave Caledonia immortal must be;
I'll prove it from Euclid as clear as the sun:
Rectangle-triangle the figure we'll choose,
The upright is Chance, and old Time is the base;
But brave Caledonia's the hypothenuse;
Then ergo, she'll match them, and match them always.

O WHA IS SHE THAT LO'ES ME?

TUNE — *Morag.*

O WHA is she that lo'es me,
And has my heart a-keeping?
O sweet is she that lo'es me,
As dews o' simmer weeping,
In tears the rose-buds steeping!
O that's the lassie o' my heart,
My lassie ever dearer;
O that's the queen o' womankind,
And ne'er a ane to peer her!

If thou shalt meet a lassie
In grace and beauty charming,
That e'en thy chosen lassie,
Erewhile thy breast sae warming,
Had ne'er sic powers alarming;
O that's the lassie, etc.

If thou hadst heard her talking,
And thy attentions plighted,
That ilka body talking,
But her by thee is slighted,
And thou art all delighted;
O that's the lassie, etc.

If thou hast met this fair one,
When frae her thou hast parted,
If every other fair one,
But her, thou hast deserted,
And thou art broken-hearted;
O that's the lassie o' my heart,
My lassie ever dearer;
O that's the queen o' womankind,
And ne'er a ane to peer her!

VERSICLES OF BURNS.

Burns was much addicted through life to the enunciation of impromptu verses, in the form of epigrams and epitaphs, generally of a satiric character. Having provided himself in Edinburgh with a diamond suitable for writing on glass, he often scribbled these hasty productions on the windows of inns and taverns, thus gratifying the whim of the moment too often at the expense of prudence and self-respect. Dr. Currie remarks, that the epigrams of Burns are strikingly inferior to his other writings, and few will be inclined to dissent from the opinion. They often, indeed, are totally without point, so that one wonders how they should have ever been committed to writing, much more that so many of them should have been printed by the author. Most of these versicles are here grouped together, with such prose annotation as seems necessary to illustrate them and give them significancy.[1]

[1] "He shewed great concern about the care of his literary fame, and particularly the publication of his posthumous works. He said he was well aware that his death would occasion some noise, and that every scrap of his writing would be revived against him to the injury of his future reputation: that letters and verses written with unguarded and improper

EPITAPH FOR GAVIN HAMILTON.

THE poor man weeps — here Gavin sleeps,
Whom canting wretches blamed:
But with such as he, where'er he be,
May I be saved or damned!

EPITAPH FOR ROBERT AIKEN, ESQ.

KNOW thou, O stranger to the fame
Of this much-loved, much-honoured name!
(For none that knew him need be told)
A warmer heart Death ne'er made cold.

freedom, and which he earnestly wished to have buried in oblivion, would be handed about by idle vanity or malevolence, when no dread of his resentment would restrain them, or prevent the censures of shrill-tongued malice, or the insidious sarcasms of envy, from pouring forth all their venom to blast his fame.

"He lamented that he had written many epigrams on persons against whom he entertained no enmity, and whose characters he should be sorry to wound; and many indifferent poetical pieces, which he feared would now, with all their imperfections on their head, be thrust upon the world. On this account, he deeply regretted having deferred to put his papers in a state of arrangement, as he was now quite incapable of the exertion." — *Burns's last conversation with Mrs. Riddel.*

EPITAPH ON A CELEBRATED RULING ELDER.

HERE souter Hood in death does sleep —
To hell, if he's gane thither,
Satan, gie him thy gear to keep, money
He'll haud it weel thegither.

ON WEE JOHNNY.[1]

HIC JACET WEE JOHNNY.

WHOE'ER thou art, O reader, know
That Death has murdered Johnny!
And here his body lies fu' low —
For saul he ne'er had ony.[2]

[1] Mr. John Wilson, the printer of his Poems at Kilmarnock.

[2] In a rare old work, *Nugæ Venales, sive Thesaurus ridendi et jocandi*, etc., bearing date 1663, but no place or publisher's name, there is a Latin epigram turning upon exactly the same jest:

"Oh Deus omnipotens, vituli miserere Joannis,
Quem mors præveniens non sinit esse bovem!
Corpus in Italia est, habet intestina Brabantus;
Ast animam nemo; cur? quia non habuit."

ON A NOISY POLEMIC.

Among Burns's acquaintance at Mauchline was a mason named James Humphry, who, if devoid of the genius of the poet, at least possessed equal flow of language, and a scarcely less remarkable gift for theological controversy. Burns and he had had many collisions on the subject of New Light, and it appears that the mason entertained somewhat strong views both as to the bard's heterodoxy and his morals.

BELOW thir stanes lie Jamie's banes:
O Death, it's my opinion,
Thou ne'er took such a bleth'rin' bitch prating
Into thy dark dominion!

EPITAPH ON A HEN-PECKED COUNTRY SQUIRE.

As Father Adam first was fooled,
(A case that's still too common)
Here lies a man a woman ruled:—
The devil ruled the woman.

EPIGRAM ON SAID OCCASION.

O DEATH, hadst thou but spared his life,
Whom we this day lament,
We freely wad exchanged the wife,
And a' been weel content!

E'en as he is, cauld in his graff,
The swap we yet will do't;
Tak thou the carline's carcass aff,
Thou'se get the saul to boot.

ANOTHER.

ONE Queen Artemisia, as old stories tell,
When deprived of her husband she lovèd so well,
In respect for the love and affection he shewed her,
She reduced him to dust, and she drank off the powder.

But Queen Netherplace, of a different complexion,
When called on to order the funeral direction,

Would have ate her dead lord, on a slender
pretence,
Not to shew her respect, but — to save the
expense!

TAM THE CHAPMAN.

Tam the Chapman was a person named Kennedy, whom Burns had known in boyhood, and whom he afterwards encountered as an itinerant merchant, when he found him a pleasant companion and estimable man. Tam, in old age, was known to William Cobbett, who printed these lines, either from a manuscript or from recollection.

As Tam the Chapman on a day
Wi' Death forgathered by the way, encountered
Weel pleased, he greets a wight sae famous,
And Death was nae less pleased wi' Thamas;
Wha cheerfully lays down his pack,
And there blaws up a hearty crack.
His social, friendly, honest heart
Sae tickled Death, they couldna part:
Sae, after viewing knives and garters,
Death taks him hame to gie him qūarters.

VERSES TO JOHN RANKINE.

AE day, as Death, that greusome carle, grim
Was driving to the tither warl'
A mixtie-maxtie, motley squad,
And monie a guilt-bespotted lad. —
Black gowns of each denomination,
And thieves of every rank and station,
From him that wears the star and garter.
To him that wintles in a halter —
Ashamed himsel' to see the wretches,
He mutters, glowrin' at the bitches: staring
"By G—, I'll not be seen behint them,
Nor 'mang the sp'ritual core present them,
Without, at least, ae honest man,
To grace this d—d infernal clan."
By Adamhill a glance he threw,
"L— G—!" quoth he, "I have it now;
There's just the man I want, i' faith!"
And quickly stoppit Rankine's breath.

ON MISS J. SCOTT, OF AYR.

OH, had each SCOT of ancient times,
Been JEANY SCOTT, as thou art,
The bravest heart on English ground,
Had yielded like a coward!

THE BOOK-WORMS.

"Burns," says Allan Cunningham, "on a visit to a nobleman, was shown into the library, where stood a Shakspeare, splendidly bound, but unread, and much worm-eaten. Long after the poet's death, some one happened to open, accidentally perhaps, the same neglected book, and found this epigram in the handwriting of Burns."

THROUGH and through th' inspirèd leaves,
Ye maggots, make your windings;
But oh! respect his lordship's taste,
And spare the golden bindings.

GRACES BEFORE MEAT.

SOME hae meat and canna eat,
And some would eat that want it;
But we hae meat and we can eat,
Sae let the Lord be thankit.

O THOU, who kindly dost provide
For every creature's want,
We bless Thee, God of Nature wide,
For all Thy goodness lent!

And, if it please Thee, heavenly guide,
May never worse be sent;
But whether granted or denied,
Lord, bless us with content! *Amen!*

O Thou, in whom we live and move,
Who mad'st the sea and shore,
Thy goodness constantly we prove,
And grateful would adore!
And if it please Thee, Power above,
Still grant us, with such store,
The friend we trust, the fair we love,
And we desire no more.

EXTEMPORANEOUS GRACE ON A HAGGIS.

It has been stated, that being present at a party where a haggis formed part of the entertainment, and being asked to say something appropriate on the occasion, Burns produced this stanza by way of grace; which being well received, he was induced to expand it into the poem entitled *To a Haggis*, retaining the verse in an altered form as a peroration.

Ye powers wha gie us a' that's guid,
Still bless auld Caledonia's brood,

Wi' great John Barleycorn's heart's bluid,
In stoups or luggies; jugs or pails
And on our board the king o' food,
A glorious haggis!

TO A PAINTER.

When Burns was in Edinburgh, he was introduced by a friend to the studio of a well-known painter, whom he found engaged on a representation of Jacob's dream. After minutely examining the work, he wrote the following verse on the back of a little sketch which is still preserved in the painter's family.

DEAR ——, I'll gie ye some advice,
You'll tak it no uncivil:
You shouldna paint at angels mair,
But try and paint the devil.

To paint an angel's kittle wark, ticklish
Wi' auld Nick there's less danger;
You'll easy draw a weel-kent face,
But no sae weel a stranger. R. B.

ON MR. W. CRUIKSHANK,

OF THE HIGH SCHOOL, EDINBURGH.

HONEST Will to heaven is gane,
And monie shall lament him;
His faults they a' in Latin lay,
In English nane e'er kent them.

ON MR. W. NICOL.

YE maggots, feed on Nicol's brain,
For few sic feasts ye've gotten;
You've got a prize o' Willie's heart,
For deil a bit o't's rotten.

ON MR. W. MICHIE,

SCHOOLMASTER, CLEISH, FIFESHIRE.

HERE lie Willie Michie's banes;
O Satan, when ye tak him,
Gie him the schoolin' o' your weans,
For clever deils he'll mak 'em!

ON MISS BURNS.

CEASE, ye prudes, your envious railings,
Lovely Burns has charms, confess:
True it is, she had one failing —
Had a woman ever less?

WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCH.

A CAULD day December blew;
A cauld kirk, and in 't but few;
A caulder minister ne'er spak;
It will be lang ere I come back.

TO MRS. DAVID WILSON.

Scrawled on the reverse side of a wooden platter, at Mrs. David Wilson's inn, Roslin.

MY blessings on ye, honest wife,
I ne'er was here before;
Ye've wealth o' gear for spoon and knife —
Heart could not wish for more.

Heaven keep you clear of sturt and strife, trouble
  Till far ayont fourscore, beyond
And by the Lord o' death and life,
  I'll ne'er gae by your door!

Feb., 1787.

VERSE ON MISS AINSLIE.

"Dr. Bowmaker had selected a text of Scripture that contained a heavy denunciation against obstinate sinners. In the course of the sermon, Burns observed the young lady turning over the leaves of her Bible with much earnestness in search of the text. He took out a slip of paper, and with a pencil wrote the following lines on it, which he immediately presented to her." — *Cromek.*

Fair maid, you need not take the hint,
  Nor idle texts pursue:
'Twas *guilty sinners* that he meant —
  Not *angels* such as you!

May, 1787.

SYMON GRAY.

A young man named Symon Gray, the son of a respectable citizen of Dunse, had addicted himself to the unprofitable service of the Muse, and hearing of the Ayrshire bard being at Berrywell, he took the

liberty of sending a specimen of his verse for Burns's opinion. The poet gave it a hasty perusal, and returned it with merely the remark:

Symon Gray,
You're dull to-day.

Symon, not abashed, immediately sent a fresh packet, which the poet as quickly returned, with an inscription on the outside:

Dulness, with redoubled sway
Has seized the wits of Symon Gray.

Strange to say, two rebuffs were insufficient to take the edge from Symon's vanity, and he sent a third packet containing several of his most elaborate performances. It came too late to admit of Burns paying it any immediate attention, as he was about to proceed on an excursion to the eastern parts of the country; but on his return a few days after to Berrywell, he took it up, and gave its author the *coup-de-grace*, as follows:—

Dear Symon Gray,
The other day,
When you sent me some rhyme,
I could not then just ascertain
Its worth, for want of time.
But now to-day, good Mr. Gray,
I've read it o'er and o'er,

Tried all my skill, but find I'm still
  Just where I was before.
We auld wives' minions, gie our opinions,
  Solicited or no ;
Then of its faults my honest thoughts
  I'll give — and here they go.
* * * *

We can scarcely present before good company the opinion of the bard in its entire form ; but the reader will have an idea of its general bearing from one passage :

Such damned bombast no age that's past
  Will shew, or time to come.

1787.

ANSWER TO AN INVITATION.

YOUR billet, sir, I grant receipt ;
Wi' you I'll canter ony gate, any way
Though 'twere a trip to yon blue warl',
Whare birkies march on burning marl : fellows
Then, sir, God willing, I'll attend ye,
And to his goodness I commend ye.
R. BURNS.

1787.

WRITTEN ON A WINDOW OF THE CROSS KEYS INN AT FALKIRK. (?)

"Burns had lately provided himself with a diamond to scribble on glass; and it is said that a verse written with this instrument was afterwards found on a window in the inn."

SOUND be his sleep and blithe his morn,
That never did a lassie wrang;
Who poverty ne'er held in scorn,
For misery ever tholed a pang.[1] suffered

1787.

WRITTEN ON A WINDOW OF THE INN AT CARRON.

They went to Carron, in the hope of seeing the celebrated iron works there, although, the day, being

[1] This is given on the authority of Mr. G. Boyack, St. Andrews. It is introduced, with some other circumstances regarding Burns's visit to Falkirk, which I regard as doubtful, in the *Fifeshire Journal*, Nov. 4, 1847. The last line is there given thus: "For misery *never* tholed a pang," which, being inconsistent with the sense evidently intended, I have here taken leave to alter.

Sunday, it is difficult to understand how they should have expected admission.

We cam na here to view your warks
  In hopes to be mair wise,
But only, lest we gang to hell,
  It may be nae surprise.

But whan we tirled at your door, rattled
  Your porter dought na hear us ; could
Sae may, should we to hell's yetts come, gates
  Your billy Satan sair us! brother — serve

1787.

VERSES WRITTEN ON THE WINDOW OF AN INN AT STIRLING.

ATTRIBUTED TO BURNS.

Here Stuarts once in triumph reigned,
And laws for Scotland's weal ordained ;
But now unroofed this palace stands,
Their sceptre's fallen to other hands.

The injured Stuarts' line are gone,
A race outlandish fills their throne, —

An idiot race, to honour lost:
Who know them best despise them most.[1]

1787.

[1] Allan Cunningham has given some particulars regarding this affair, which I repeat, without vouching for their accuracy. "The poet seems not to have been very sensible at that time of his imprudence: for some one said: 'Burns, this will do you no good.' 'I shall reprove myself,' he said, and wrote these aggravating words: —

'Rash mortal, and slanderous poet, thy name
Shall no longer appear in the records of Fame:
Dost not know that old Mansfield, who writes like the Bible,
Says the more 'tis a truth, sir, the more 'tis a libel?'"

The lines were speedily copied into note-books, became generally known, and of course excited no small amount of remark.

In the *Paisley Magazine*, Dec. 1828, there is a narration meant to show that Nicol, and not Burns, was the author of these lines. It is stated that Burns, finding them attributed to himself, although sensible that they injured him with society, allowed the imputation to rest, rather than expose Nicol to the same evil fame, which to him would have been more injurious. Although this story is brought forward in a circumstantial and confident manner, it has little evidence in its favor, and a good deal against it. Mr. B. Nightingale, Priory Road, London, possesses a few leaves of a manuscript book in Burns's handwriting. Amongst several pieces, published and unpublished, appears this unfortunate epigram, with the headline, *Wrote by Somebody in an Inn at Stirling.*

ON ELPHINSTONE'S MARTIAL.

"Did I ever repeat to you an epigram I made on a Mr. Elphinstone, who has given a translation of Martial, a famous Latin poet? The poetry of Elphinstone can only equal his prose notes. I was sitting in a merchant's shop of my acquaintance, waiting somebody; he put Elphinstone into my hand, and asked my opinion of it; I begged leave to write it on a blank leaf, which I did." *Burns to Clarinda, January*, 1788.

Oh thou, whom poesy abhors!
Whom prose has turned out of doors!
Heard'st thou yon groan? Proceed no further;
'Twas laurel'd Martial calling murther!

ON A FRIEND.

An honest man here lies at rest
As e'er God with His image blest!
The friend of man, the friend of truth;
The friend of age, and guide of youth.

Few hearts like his, with virtue warmed,
Few heads with knowledge so informed:
If there's another world, he lives in bliss;
If there is none, he made the best of this.

HOWLET FACE.

"One of the lords of Justiciary, when holding circuit at Dumfries, dined one day with Mr. Miller at Dalswinton. According to the custom of the times, the after-dinner libations were somewhat copious; and, on entering the drawing-room, his lordship's visual organs were so much affected, that he asked Mr. Miller, pointing to one of his daughters, who were reckoned remarkably handsome women, 'Wha's yon howlet-faced thing in the corner?'

"Next day, Burns, who then resided at Ellisland, happened to be a guest at Dalswinton, and, in the course of conversation, his lordship's very ungallant and unjust remark was mentioned to him. He immediately took from his pocket an old letter, on the back of which he wrote in pencil the following lines, and handed them to Miss Miller:—

"How daur ye ca' me howlet-faced,
Ye ugly, glowering spectre? staring
My face was but the keekin' glass looking
An' there ye saw your picture."

Correspondent.

THE SOLEMN LEAGUE AND COVENANT.

Spoken in reply to a gentleman who sneered at the sufferings of Scotland for conscience' sake, and called the Solemn League and Covenant ridiculous and fanatical.

THE Solemn League and Covenant
Cost Scotland blood — cost Scotland tears;
But it sealed Freedom's sacred cause —
If thou'rt a slave, indulge thy sneers.

ON A CERTAIN PARSON'S LOOKS.

THAT there is falsehood in his looks
I must and will deny;
They say their master is a knave —
And sure they do not lie.

WILLIE STEWART.

"Sir Walter Scott possesses a tumbler, on which are the following verses, written by Burns on the arrival of a friend, Mr. W. Stewart, factor to a gen-

tleman of Nithsdale. The landlady being very wroth at what she considered the disfigurement of her glass, a gentleman present appeased her by paying down a shilling, and carried off the relic." — *Lockhart.*

YOU'RE welcome, Willie Stewart;
You're welcome, Willie Stewart;
There's ne'er a flower that blooms in May,
That's half sae welcome's thou art.

Come, bumpers high, express your joy,
The bowl we maun renew it;
The tappit-hen,[1] gae bring her ben,
To welcome Willie Stewart.

May foes be strang, and friends be slack,
Ilk action may he rue it,
May woman on him turn her back,
That wrangs thee, Willie Stewart!

ANDREW TURNER.

Being called impertinently one evening from a party of friends at the King's Arms, Dumfries, to see a vain coxcomb in the form of an English commercial traveller, who, having a bottle of wine on his

[1] "A cant phrase denoting a tin measure, containing a quart, so called from the knob on the lid, supposed to resemble a crested hen." — JAMIESON.

table, thought he might patronize the *Ayrshire Ploughman*, Burns entered into conversation with the creature, and soon saw what sort of person he had to deal with. About to leave the room, Burns was urged to give a taste of his powers of impromptu versifying before he went; when, having asked the stranger's name and age, he instantly penned and handed to him the stanza which follows — after which, he abruptly departed.

In seventeen hundred forty-nine,
Satan took stuff to make a swine,
And cuist it in a corner; cast
But wilily he changed his plan,
And shaped it something like a man,
And ca'd it Andrew Turner!

VERSES TO JOHN M'MURDO, Esq.,

WITH A PRESENT OF BOOKS.

Mr. M'Murdo resided at Drumlanrig, as chamberlain to the Duke of Queensberry. He and his wife and daughters are alluded to in the election piece, entitled *Second Epistle to Mr. Graham of Fintry.* They were kind and hospitable friends of Burns, who celebrated several of the young ladies in his songs.

Oh, could I give thee India's wealth,
As I this trifle send,

Because thy joy in both would be
To share them with a friend!

But golden sands did never grace
The Heliconean stream;
Then take what gold could never buy—
An honest bard's esteem.

ON MR. M'MURDO.

INSCRIBED ON A PANE OF GLASS IN HIS HOUSE.

BLEST be M'Murdo to his latest day!
No envious cloud o'ercast his evening ray;
No wrinkle furrowed by the hand of care,
Nor ever sorrow add one silver hair!
Oh, may no son the father's honour stain,
Nor ever daughter give the mother pain!

WRITTEN ON A WINDOW OF THE GLOBE TAVERN, DUMFRIES.

THE graybeard, old Wisdom, may boast of his treasures,
Give me with gay Folly to live;
I grant him his calm-blooded, time-settled pleasures,
But Folly has raptures to give.

EXCISEMEN UNIVERSAL.

WRITTEN ON A WINDOW.[1]

YE men of wit and wealth, why all this sneering
'Gainst poor excisemen? give the cause a hearing.
What are your landlords' rent-rolls? teasing ledgers:
What premiers — what? even monarchs' mighty gaugers:
Nay, what are priests, those seeming godly wise men?
What are they, pray, but spiritual excisemen?

ON A GROTTO IN FRIARS' CARSE GROUNDS.

To Riddel, much-lamented man,
This ivied cot was dear;
Reader, dost value matchless worth?
This ivied cot revere.

[1] In the King's Arms Inn, Dumfries, in consequence of overhearing a gentleman speak despitefully of the officers of excise.

ON A NOTED COXCOMB.

LIGHT lay the earth on Billy's breast,
His chicken heart's so tender;
But build a castle on his head, ——
His skull will prop it under.

ON COMMISSARY GOLDIE'S BRAINS.

LORD, to account who dares thee call,
Or e'er dispute thy pleasure?
Else why within so thick a wall
Enclose so poor a treasure?

EPITAPH ON MR. GABRIEL RICHARDSON, BREWER, DUMFRIES.

HERE brewer Gabriel's fire's extinct,
And empty all his barrels;
He's blest if as he brewed he drink,
In upright honest morals.

EPITAPH FOR A DOG.

"We spent three days with Mr. Gordon, whose polished hospitality is of an original and endearing kind. Mrs. Gordon's lapdog, *Echo*, was dead. She would have an epitaph for him. Several had been made. Burns was asked for one. This was setting Hercules to his distaff. He disliked the subject, but to please the lady he would try. Here is what he produced." *Mr. Syme to Dr. Currie.*

In wood and wild, ye warbling throng,
Your heavy loss deplore!
Now half extinct your powers of song,—
Sweet Echo is no more.

Ye jarring, screeching things around,
Scream your discordant joys!
Now half your din of tuneless song
With Echo silent lies.

EPIGRAM.

When ——, deceased, to the devil went down,
'Twas nothing would serve him but Satan's own crown;

"Thy fool's head," quoth Satan, "that crown
shall wear never,
I grant thou'rt as wicked, but not quite so
clever."

IMPROMPTU [1]

ON MRS. RIDDEL'S BIRTHDAY, 4TH NOVEMBER, 1793.

OLD Winter, with his frosty beard,
Thus once to Jove his prayer preferred:

[1] Though we have not many professed impromptus of Burns, it is certain that he showed a remarkable readiness in producing such trifles.

As an example of his ready powers of versification: A Mr. Ladyman, an English commercial traveller, alighting one day at Brownhill Inn, in Dumfriesshire, found that he should have to dine with a company in which was Robert Burns. The dinner, at which the landlord, Bacon, presided, passed off well, the principal dish being the well-known namesake of the host, who, it may be remarked, appeared to be looked on as something of a superfluity at his own table. The man had retired for a few minutes to see after a fresh supply of toddy, when some one called upon Burns to give the young Englishman some proof of his being really Burns the poet, by composing some verses on the spur of the moment; and it was with hardly an interval for reflection that the bard pronounced as follows: —

At Brownhill we always get dainty good cheer,
And plenty of bacon each day in the year;

"What have I done of all the year,
To bear this hated doom severe?
My cheerless suns no pleasure know;
Night's horrid car drags, dreary slow;
My dismal months no joys are crowning,
But spleeny English, hanging, drowning.

"Now, Jove, for once be mighty civil,
To counterbalance all this evil;
Give me, and I've no more to say,

We've all things that's nice, and mostly in season,
But why always Bacon — come, give me a reason?

Another instance: —

Burns had neglected to order dinner one day for Nicol and Masterton, who were spending a week at Dumfries, so that the party were obliged to put up with a tup's head which the landlady had in pot for herself. When it had been disposed on the board, "Burns," said Nicol, "we fine you for your neglect of arrangements: you give us something new as a grace." Our poet instantly, with appropriate gesture and tone, said:

O Lord, when hunger pinches sore,
Do thou stand us in stead,
And send us from thy bounteous store,
A tup or wether head! Amen.

They fell to and enjoyed their fare prodigiously, leaving, however, a miraculously ample sufficiency for the host and hostess. "Now, Burns, we've not done with you. We fine you again. Return thanks." He as promptly said:

O Lord, since we have feasted thus,
Which we so little merit,
Let Meg now take away the flesh,
And Jock bring in the spirit! Amen.

Give me Maria's natal-day!
That brilliant gift shall so enrich me,
Spring, Summer, Autumn, cannot match me."
"'Tis done!" says Jove; so ends my story,
And Winter once rejoiced in glory.

TO DR. MAXWELL:

ON MISS JESSY STAIG'S RECOVERY FROM A FEVER.

MAXWELL, if merit here you crave,
That merit I deny:
You save fair Jessy from the grave? —
An angel could not die!

ON SEEING MRS. KEMBLE IN YARICO.[1]

KEMBLE, thou cur'st my unbelief
Of Moses and his rod;
At Yarico's sweet notes of grief
The rock with tears had flowed.

[1] The letter in which these epigrams occur appeared in the *Knickerbocker* for September, 1848. On another copy of the epigram on Mrs. Kemble, it appears that the performance of *Inkle and Yarico* which Burns witnessed, took place on the 24th of October, 1794.

ON W—— R——, Esq.

So vile was poor Wat, such a miscreant slave,
That the worms even damned him when laid in his grave;
"In his skull there is famine!" a starved reptile cries;
"And his heart it is poison!" another replies.

EPIGRAM

On a person who bored a company for a considerable time with references to the many great people he had lately been visiting.

No more of your titled acquaintances boast,
And in what lordly circles you've been:
An insect is still but an insect at most,
Though it crawl on the head of a queen.

TO MR. SYME.

On sending Mr. Syme a dozen of porter from the Jerusalem Tavern of Dumfries, Burns accompanied the gift with a complimentary note.

Oh, had the malt thy strength of mind,
Or hops the flavour of thy wit,

'Twere drink for first of human kind,
A gift that even for Syme were fit.

At Syme's own house, being pressed to stay and drink more, Burns hesitated; then taking up a tumbler, he scribbled on it:

There's Death in the cup, sae beware —
Nay, mair, there is danger in touching;
But wha can avoid the fell snare?
The man and his wine's sae bewitching.

So late as the 17th December, 1795, when Burns was in declining health, being invited by Syme to dine, with a promise of the best company and the best cookery, he accompanied his apology with a similar compliment:

No more of your guests, be they titled or not,
And cookery the first in the nation;
Who is proof to thy personal converse and wit,
Is proof to all other temptation.

WRITTEN EXTEMPORE IN A LADY'S POCKET-BOOK.

GRANT me, indulgent Heaven, that I may live,
To see the miscreants feel the pains they give:
Deal Freedom's sacred treasures free as air,
Till slave and despot be but things which were.

THE CREED OF POVERTY.

IN politics if thou wouldst mix,
And mean thy fortunes be;
Bear this in mind, be deaf and blind,
Let great folks hear and see.

ON THE "LOYAL NATIVES."

Burns and Syme, with a young physician named Maxwell, and several others, all latitudinarians in most respects, and all of them enemies of the system

pursued by the government, held occasional symposia of a strictly private nature, at which they could enunciate their sentiments freely. In antagonism to them, was a club of Anti-Gallicans, who took upon themselves the name of the *Loyal Natives;* and it appears that one of these gentlemen ventured on one occasion to launch a political pellet at the three friends of the people. A very miserable pellet it was: —

Ye Sons of Sedition, give ear to my song!
Let Syme, Burns, and Maxwell pervade every throng;
With Craken the attorney, and Mundell the quack,
Send Willie the monger to hell with a smack.

This being handed across the table to Burns at one of the meetings of the disloyal corps, he instantly indorsed it with —

Ye true Loyal Natives, attend to my song!
In uproar and riot rejoice the night long;
From envy and hatred your corps is exempt,
But where is your shield from the darts of contempt?

ON JOHN BUSHBY, WRITER, DUMFRIES.

Here lies John Bushby, honest man!
Cheat him, devil, if you can.

TO MISS JESSY LEWARS,

WITH A PRESENT OF BOOKS.

THINE be the volumes, Jessy fair,
And with them take the Poet's prayer —
That Fate may in her fairest page,
With every kindliest, best presage
Of future bliss, enrol thy name;
With native worth, and spotless fame,
And wakeful caution still aware
Of ill — but chief, man's felon snare.
All blameless joys on earth we find,
And all the treasures of the mind,
These be thy guardian and reward;
So prays thy faithful friend, the Bard.

THE EARL OF GALLOWAY.

Burns had an antipathy of old standing towards the Earl of Galloway. There is a string of epigrams which the irascible bard launched at this respectable nobleman, with of course no other effect than to make

moderate-minded men lament his own subordination of judgment to spleen.

WHAT dost thou in that mansion fair? —
Flit, Galloway, and find
Some narrow, dirty, dungeon cave,
The picture of thy mind!

No Stewart art thou, Galloway,
The Stewarts all were brave;
Besides, the Stewarts were but fools,
Not one of them a knave.

BRIGHT ran thy line, O Galloway,
Through many a far-famed sire:
So ran the far-famed Roman way, —
So ended in a mire.

On being informed [misinformed?] that the Earl threatened him with his resentment.

SPARE me thy vengeance, Galloway,
In quiet let me live:
I ask no kindness at thy hand,
For thou hast none to give.

OLD SONGS, IMPROVED BY BURNS.

FROM JOHNSON'S MUSEUM.

O WHARE DID YOU GET?

TUNE — *Bonny Dundee.*

The air of *Bonny Dundee* appears in the Skene MS., of date *circa* 1620. The tune seems to have existed at even an earlier period, as there is a song to it amongst those which were written by the English to disparage the Scottish followers by whom James VI. was attended on his arrival in the south. The first of the following verses is from an old homely ditty, the second only being the composition of Burns.

O WHARE did you get that hauver meal bannock? — oatmeal cake
O silly blind body, O dinna ye see?
I gat it frae a brisk young sodger laddie,
Between St. Johnston and bonny Dundee.
O gin I saw the laddie that gae me't!
Aft has he doudled me upon his knee; — dandled
May Heaven protect my bonny Scots laddie,
And send him safe hame to his babie and me!

My blessin's upon thy sweet wee lippie,
My blessin's upon thy bonny e'e-bree!
Thy smiles are sae like my blithe sodger laddie,
Thou's aye the dearer and dearer to me!
But I'll big a bower on yon bonny banks,
Where Tay rins wimplin' by sae clear; winding
And I'll cleed thee in the tartan sae fine,
And mak thee a man like thy daddie dear.

I AM MY MAMMY'S AE BAIRN.

TUNE—*I'm owre young to Marry yet.*

I AM my mammy's ae bairn,
Wi' unco folk I weary, sir; strange
And if I gang to your house,
I'm fleyed 'twill make me eerie, sir. am afraid
I'm owre young to marry yet;
I'm owre young to marry yet;
I'm owre young — 'twad be a sin
To tak me frae my mammy yet.

Hallowmas is come and gane,
The nights are lang in winter, sir;
And you and I in wedlock's bands,
In troth, I dare na venture, sir.

Fu' loud and shrill the frosty wind
  Blaws through the leafless timmer, sir;
But if ye come this gate again,
  I'll aulder be gin simmer, sir. towards

UP IN THE MORNING EARLY.

TUNE — *Cold blows the Wind.*

Written on the basis of an old song, the chorus of which is here preserved.

CHORUS.

UP in the morning's no for me,
  Up in the morning early;
When a' the hills are covered wi' snaw,
  I'm sure it's winter fairly.

Cauld blaws the wind frae east to west,
  The drift is driving sairly;
Sae loud and shrill I hear the blast,
  I'm sure it's winter fairly.

The birds sit chittering in the thorn,
  A' day they fare but sparely;
And lang's the night frae e'en to morn —
  I'm sure it's winter fairly.

THERE WAS A LASS.

TUNE — *Duncan Davison.*

THERE was a lass, they ca'd her Meg,
And she held o'er the moors to spin;
There was a lad that followed her,
They ca'd him Duncan Davison.
The moor was dreigh, and Meg was skeigh, tedious timorous
Her favour Duncan could na win;
For wi' the rock she wad him knock,
And aye she took the temper-pin. regulating pin

As o'er the moor they lightly foor, went
A burn was clear, a glen was green,
Upon the banks they eased their shanks,
And aye she set the wheel between:
But Duncan swore a haly aith,
That Meg should be a bride the morn,
Then Meg took up her spinnin' graith, gear
And flang them a' out o'er the burn.

We'll big a house — a wee, wee house,
And we will live like king and queen,
Sae blithe and merry we will be
When ye set by the wheel at e'en.

A man may drink and no be drunk;
A man may fight and no be slain;
A man may kiss a bonny lass,
And aye be welcome back again.

LADY ONLIE.

TUNE — *The Ruffian's Rant.*

A' THE lads o' Thornie-bank,
When they gae to the shore o' Bucky,
They'll step in and tak a pint
Wi' Lady Onlie, honest Lucky!
Lady Onlie, honest Lucky!
Brews guid ale at shore o' Bucky;
I wish her sale for her guid ale,
The best on a' the shore o' Bucky.

Her house sae bien, her curch sae clean, pleasant
I wat she is a dainty chucky;
And cheerlie blinks the ingle-gleed fire
Of Lady Onlie, honest Lucky!
Lady Onlie, honest Lucky!
Brews guid ale at shore o' Bucky;
I wish her sale for her guid ale,
The best on a' the shore o' Bucky.

THE PLOUGHMAN.

Of this piece, the two last verses only are by Burns. For the longer song, including them, reference may be made to the *Museum*.

THE ploughman he's a bonny lad,
His mind is ever true, jo,
His garters knit below his knee,
His bonnet it is blue, jo.

Then up wi't a', my ploughman lad,
And hey my merry ploughman;
Of a' the trades that I do ken,
Commend me to the ploughman.

I hae been east, I hae been west,
I hae been at St. Johnston;
The bonniest sight that e'er I saw,
Was the ploughman laddie dancin'.
Up wi't, etc.

Snaw-white stockings on his legs,
And siller buckles glancin';
A guid blue bonnet on his head,
And oh, but he was handsome.
Up wi't, etc.

MY HOGGIE.

What will I do gin my hoggie[1] die,
My joy, my pride, my hoggie?
My only beast, I had nae mae,
And oh, but I was vogie. vain

The lee-lang night we watched the fauld,
Me and my faithfu' doggie,
We heard nought but the roaring linn,
Amang the braes sae scroggie.[2]

But the howlet cried frae the castle wa',
The blutter frae the boggie, mire-snipe
The tod replied upon the hill — fox
I trembled for my hoggie.

When day did daw and cocks did craw,
The morning it was foggie,
An unco tyke lap o'er the dyke, strange dog — wall
And maist has killed my hoggie.

[1] "*Hoggie*, a young sheep after it is smeared, and before it is first shorn." — Stenhouse.

[2] Full of stunted bushes.

SIMMER'S A PLEASANT TIME.

TUNE—*Aye Waukin O.*

This is an old song, upon which Burns appears to have made only a few alterations.

SIMMER'S a pleasant time,
Flowers of every colour;
The water rins o'er the heugh, fall
And I long for my true lover.
Aye waukin O,
Waukin still and wearie:
Sleep I can get nane
For thinking on my dearie.

When I sleep I dream,
When I wauk I'm eerie: timorous
Sleep I can get nane
For thinking on my dearie.

Lanely night comes on,
A' the lave are sleeping; rest
I think on my bonny lad,
And bleer my e'en wi' greetin'.

FIRST WHEN MAGGY WAS MY CARE.

TUNE — *Whistle o'er the Lave o't.*

FIRST when Maggy was my care,
Heaven I thought was in her air;
Now we're married — spier nae mair — inquire
Whistle o'er the lave o't.
Meg was meek, and Meg was mild,
Bonny Meg was Nature's child;
Wiser men than me's beguiled —
Whistle o'er the lave o't.

How we live, my Meg and me,
How we love, and how we 'gree,
I care na by how few may see — about it
Whistle o'er the lave o't.
Wha I wish were maggots' meat,
Dished up in her winding-sheet,
I could write — but Meg maun see't —
Whistle o'er the lave o't.

JAMIE, COME TRY ME.

JAMIE, come try me;
Jamie, come try me;
If thou would win my love,
Jamie, come try me.

If thou should ask my love,
Could I deny thee?
If thou would win my love,
Jamie, come try me.

If thou should kiss me, love,
Wha could espy thee?
If thou would be my love,
Jamie, come try me.

AWA', WHIGS, AWA'!

TUNE—*Awa', Whigs, awa'.*

The second and last stanzas only are by Burns; the rest is from an old Jacobite song.

CHORUS.

AWA', Whigs, awa'!
Awa', Whigs, awa'!
Ye're but a pack o' traitor louns,
Ye'll do nae good at a'.

Our thrissles flourished fresh and fair,
And bonny bloomed our roses;
But Whigs came like a frost in June,
And withered a' our posies.

Our ancient crown's fa'n in the dust —
Deil blin' them wi' the stour o't; dust
And write their names in his black beuk,
Wha gae the Whigs the power o't.

Our sad decay in Church and State
Surpasses my descriving;
The Whigs came o'er us for a curse,
And we hae done wi' thriving.

Grim vengeance lang has ta'en a nap,
But we may see him wauken;
Gude help the day when royal heads
Are hunted like a maukin! hare

WHERE HAE YE BEEN?

TUNE — *Killiecrankie.*

"The chorus of this song is old; the rest of it was written by Burns." — STENHOUSE.

WHARE hae ye been sae braw, lad?
Whare hae ye been sae brankie, O? pranked

Oh, whare hae ye been sae braw, lad?
Cam ye by Killiecrankie, O?
An' ye had been whare I hae been,
Ye wad na been sae cantie, O; merry
An' ye had seen what I hae seen,
On the braes o' Killiecrankie, O.

I fought at land, I fought at sea;
At hame I fought my auntie, O;
But I met the devil and Dundee,
On the braes o' Killiecrankie, O.
The bauld Pitcur fell in a furr, ditch
And Clavers got a clankie, O, blow
Or I had fed an Athole gled, kite
On the braes o' Killiecrankie, O.

CA' THE EWES TO THE KNOWES.

The verses within brackets are old, with only a few touches of improvement by Burns.

Ca' the ewes to the knowes, drive
Ca' them where the heather grows,
Ca' them where the burnie rows, rolls
My bonny dearie.

As I gaed down the water-side,
There I met my shepherd lad,

He rowed me sweetly in his plaid, rolled
And he ca'd me his dearie.

Will ye gang down the water-side,
And see the waves sae sweetly glide?
Beneath the hazel spreading wide,
The moon it shines fu' clearly.

[Ye sall get gowns and ribbons meet,
Cauf leather shoon upon your feet, calf
And in my arms ye'se lie and sleep,
And ye sall be my dearie.

If ye but stand to what ye've said,
I'se gang wi' you, my shepherd lad,
And ye may row me in your plaid,
And I sall be your dearie.]

While waters wimple to the sea, meander
While day blinks in the lift sae hie, shines
Till clay-cauld death shall blin' my e'e,
Ye sall be my dearie.

FOR A' THAT, AND A' THAT.

THOUGH women's minds, like winter winds,
May shift and turn, and a' that;
The noblest breast adores them maist,
A consequence I draw that.

For a' that, and a' that,
And twice as mickle's a' that,
The bonny lass that I lo'e best,
Shall be my ain for a' that, etc.

YOUNG JOCKEY.

TUNE — *Young Jockey.*

"The whole of [this song], excepting three or four lines, is the production of Burns." — STENHOUSE.

YOUNG Jockey was the blithest lad
In a' our town or here awa':
Fu' blithe he whistled at the gaud, plough
Fu' lightly danced he in the ha'.
He roosed my e'en, sae bonny blue, praised
He roosed my waist, sae genty sma'; elegantly
And aye my heart came to my mou',
When ne'er a body heard or saw.

My Jockey toils upon the plain,
Through wind and weet, through frost and snaw,
And o'er the lea I leuk fu' fain,
When Jockey's owsen hameward ca'. move
And aye the night comes round again,
When in his arms he takes me a';
And aye he vows he'll be my ain,
As lang's he has a breath to draw.

WHA IS THAT AT MY BOWER DOOR?

TUNE — *Lass, an' I come near thee.*

"Mr. Gilbert Burns told the editor (Cromek) that this song was suggested to his brother by the *Auld Man's Address to the Widow*, printed in *Ramsay's Tea-Table Miscellany*, which the poet first heard sung by Jean Wilson, a silly old widow-woman, then living at Torbolton, remarkable for the simplicity and *naïveté* of her character, and for singing old Scotch songs with a peculiar energy and earnestness of manner. Having outlived her family, she still retained the form of family worship; and before she sang a hymn, she would gravely give out the first line of the verse, as if she had a numerous audience, to the great diversion of her listening neighbors." — CROMEK.

WHA is that at my bower door?
O wha is it but Findlay:
Then gae your gate, ye's nae be here! way
Indeed maun I, quo' Findlay.
What mak ye, sae like a thief?
O come and see, quo' Findlay:
Before the morn ye'll work mischief;
Indeed will I, quo' Findlay.

Gif I rise and let you in,
Let me in, quo' Findlay:
Ye'll keep me waukin' wi' your din;
Indeed will I, quo' Findlay.
In my bower if ye should stay,
Let me stay, quo' Findlay:
I fear ye'll bide till break o' day;
Indeed will I, quo' Findlay.

Here this night if ye remain,
I'll remain, quo' Findlay:
I dread ye'll learn the gate again;
Indeed will I, quo' Findlay.
What may pass within this bower,
Let it pass, quo' Findlay:
Ye maun conceal till your last hour;
Indeed will I, quo' Findlay.

THE TITHER MORN.

To a Highland air.

THE tither morn, when I forlorn
Aneath an aik sat moaning,
I did na trow, I'd see my jo, dear
Beside me, 'gain the gloaming. towards

But he sae trig, lap o'er the rig, ridge
  And dawtingly did cheer me, caressingly
When I, what-reck, did least expec', nevertheless
  To see my lad so near me.

His bonnet he, a thought aject, on one side
  Cocked sprush when first he clasped me; spruce
And I, I wat, wi' fainness grat, gladness — wept
  While in his grips he pressed me.
Deil tak the war! I late and air,
  Hae wished, since Jock departed;
But now as glad I'm wi' my lad,
  As short syne broken-hearted. a little while ago

Fu' aft at e'en wi' dancing keen,
  When a' were blithe and merry,
I cared na by, sae sad was I, about it
  In absence o' my dearie.
But, praise be blest, my mind's at rest,
  I'm happy wi' my Johnny:
At kirk and fair, I'se aye be there,
  And be as canty's ony. merry

AS I WAS A-WANDERING.

TUNE — *Rinn Meudial mo Mhealladh.*

Burns has here merely made some changes upon an old song, and it is questionable if his alterations are improvements.

As I was a-wandering ae midsummer e'enin',
The pipers and youngsters were making their game,
Amang them I spied my faithless fause lover,
Which bled a' the wounds o' my dolour again.
Weel, since he has left me, may pleasure gae wi' him,
I may be distressed, but I winna complain;
I flatter my fancy I may get anither,
My heart it shall never be broken for ane.

I couldna get sleeping till dawin for greetin', weeping
The tears trickled down like the hail and the rain;

Had I na got greètin', my heart wad ha' broken,
For oh! love forsaken's a tormenting pain.

Although he has left me for greed o' the siller,
I dinna envy him the gains he can win;
I rather wad bear a' the lade o' my sorrow
Than ever hae acted sae faithless to him.

THE WEARY PUND O' TOW.

TUNE — *The Weary Pund o' Tow.*

THE weary pund, the weary pund,
The weary pund o' tow;
I think my wife will end her life
Before she spin her tow.

I bought my wife a stane o' lint stone — flax
As guid as e'er did grow;
And a' that she has made o' that,
Is ae poor pund o' tow.

There sat a bottle in a bole,
Beyont the ingle lowe, fire

And aye she took the tither souk,
To drouk the stowrie tow. wet—dusty

Quoth I, for shame, ye dirty dame,
Gae spin your tap o' tow! portion
She took the rock, and wi' a knock distaff
She brak it o'er my pow.

At last her feet — I sang to see 't —
Gaed foremost o'er the knowe;
And or I wad anither jad, wed—jade
I'll wallop in a tow. hang in a rope

GANE IS THE DAY.

TUNE—*Guidwife, count the Lawin.*

GANE is the day, and mirk's the night,
But we'll ne'er stray for fau't o' light,
For ale and brandy's stars and moon,
And bluid-red wine's the rising sun.
Then guidwife, count the lawin, reckoning
The lawin, the lawin;
Then guidwife, count the lawin,
And bring a coggie mair. vessel

There's wealth and ease for gentlemen,
And simple folk maun fight and fen; make shift
But here we're a' in ae accord,
For ilka man that's drunk's a lord.

My coggie is a haly pool, holy
That heals the wounds o' care and dool; grief
And pleasure is a wanton trout,
An' ye drink but deep ye'll find him out.

IT IS NA, JEAN, THY BONNY FACE.

TUNE— *The Maid's Complaint.*

IT is na, Jean, thy bonny face
Nor shape that I admire,
Although thy beauty and thy grace
Might weel awake desire.
Something, in ilka part o' thee,
To praise, to love, I find;
But dear as is thy form to me,
Still dearer is thy mind.

Nae mair ungenerous wish I hae,
Nor stronger in my breast,

Than if I canna mak thee sae,
At least to see thee blest.
Content am I, if Heaven shall give
But happiness to thee:
And as wi' thee I'd wish to live,
For thee I'd bear to die.

MY COLLIER LADDIE.

TUNE—*The Collier Laddie.*

Burns, in his Notes, speaks of this song as an old one with which he had had nothing to do. As it appears, however, in no other collection, and is found in his handwriting among Johnson's manuscripts, Mr. Stenhouse infers that the greater part of it is his own composition.

"WHERE live ye, my bonny lass?
And tell me what they ca' ye;"
"My name," she says, "is Mistress Jean,
And I follow the Collier Laddie."

"See you not yon hills and dales,
The sun shines on sae brawlie?

They a' are mine, and they shall be thine,
Gin ye'll leave your Collier Laddie.

"Ye shall gang in gay attire,
Weel buskit up sae gaudy; dressed
And ane to wait on every hand,
Gin ye'll leave your Collier Laddie."

"Though ye had a' the sun shines on,
And the earth conceals sae lowly;
I wad turn my back on you and it a',
And embrace my Collier Laddie.

"I can win my five pennies in a day,
And spen't at night fu' brawlie;
And make my bed in the Collier's neuk, corner
And lie down wi' my Collier Laddie.

"Luve for luve is the bargain for me,
Though the wee cot-house should haud me;
And the world before me to win my bread,
And fair fa' my Collier Laddie."

YE JACOBITES BY NAME.

TUNE. — *Ye Jacobites by Name.*

YE Jacobites by name, give an ear, give an ear;
Ye Jacobites by name, give an ear;
Ye Jacobites by name,
Your fautes I will proclaim,
Your doctrines I maun blame —
You shall hear.

What is right and what is wrang, by the law, by the law?
What is right and what is wrang by the law?
What is right and what is wrang?
A short sword and a lang,
A weak arm, and a strang
For to draw.

What makes heroic strife, famed afar, famed afar?
What makes heroic strife famed afar?
What makes heroic strife?
To whet th' assassin's knife,
Or hunt a parent's life
Wi' bluidie war.

Then let your schemes alone, in the state, in the state;
Then let your schemes alone in the state;
Then let your schemes alone,
Adore the rising sun,
And leave a man undone
To his fate.

LADY MARY ANN.

TUNE — *Craigton's Growing.*

"Modelled by Burns from an ancient ballad, entitled *Craigton's Growing.*" — STENHOUSE.

OH, Lady Mary Ann looked o'er the castle wa';
She saw three bonny boys playing at the ba';
The youngest he was the flower amang them a'—
My bonny laddie's young, but he's growin' yet.

O father! O father! an' ye think it fit,
We'll send him a year to the college yet:

We'll sew a green ribbon round about his hat,
And that will let them ken he's to marry yet.

Lady Mary Ann was a flower i' the dew;
Sweet was its smell, and bonny was its hue,
And the langer it blossomed the sweeter it grew —
For the lily in the bud will be bonnier yet.

Young Charlie Cochrane was the sprout of an aik,
Bonny and bloomin', and straught was its make;
The sun took delight to shine for its sake,
And it will be the brag o' the forest yet.

The simmer is gane when the leaves they were green,
And the days are awa' that we hae seen;
But far better days I trust will come again,
For my bonny laddie's young, but he's growin yet.

KENMURE'S ON AND AWA'.

TUNE—*O Kenmure's on and awa', Willie.*

This song is supposed to be one of those which Burns only improved from old versions. William Gordon, sixth Viscount of Kenmure, raised a body of troops for the Pretender in 1715, and had the chief command of the insurgent forces in the south of Scotland. Taken at Preston, he was tried and condemned to be beheaded, which sentence was executed on the 24th February, 1716.

O KENMURE'S on and awa', Willie!
O Kenmure's on and awa'!
And Kenmure's lord's the bravest lord
That ever Galloway saw.

Success to Kenmure's band, Willie!
Success to Kenmure's band!
There's no a heart that fears a Whig
That rides by Kenmure's hand.

Here's Kenmure's health in wine, Willie!
Here's Kenmure's health in wine!
There ne'er was a coward o' Kenmure's blude,
Nor yet o' Gordon's line.

O Kenmure's lads are men, Willie!
O Kenmure's lads are men!
Their hearts and swords are metal true,
And that their faes shall ken.

They'll live or die wi' fame, Willie!
They'll live or die wi' fame!
But soon, wi' sounding victorie,
May Kenmure's lord come hame!

Here's him that's far awa', Willie!
Here's him that's far awa'!
And here's the flower that I love best—
The rose that's like the snaw!

SUCH A PARCEL OF ROGUES IN A NATION.

TUNE—*A Parcel of Rogues in a Nation.*

FAREWEEL to a' our Scottish fame,
Fareweel our ancient glory,
Fareweel even to the Scottish name,
Sae famed in martial story.
Now Sark rins o'er the Solway sands,

And Tweed rins to the ocean,
To mark where England's province stands —
Such a parcel of rogues in a nation.

What force or guile could not subdue
Through many warlike ages,
Is wrought now by a coward few,
For hireling traitors' wages.
The English steel we could disdain,
Secure in valour's station;
But English gold has been our bane —
Such a parcel of rogues in a nation.

O would, ere I had seen the day
That treason thus could fell us,
My auld gray head had lien in clay,
Wi' Bruce and loyal Wallace!
But pith and power, till my last hour,
I'll mak this declaration;
We're bought and sold for English gold —
Such a parcel of rogues in a nation.

THE CARLES OF DYSART.

TUNE—*Hey, ca' through.*

Written upon the basis of an old song.

UP wi' the carles o' Dysart,
And the lads o' Buckhaven,
And the kimmers o' Largo, gossips
And the lasses o' Leven.
Hey, ca' through, ca' through, drive
For we hae mickle ado; to do
Hey, ca' through, ca' through,
For we hae mickle ado.

We hae tales to tell,
And we hae sangs to sing;
We hae pennies to spend,
And we hae pints to bring.

We'll live a' our days,
And them that come behin',
Let them do the like,
And spend the gear they win. wealth

THE CARLE OF KELLYBURN BRAES.

TUNE—*Kellyburn Braes.*

An old set of traditionary verses modified by Burns.

THERE lived a carle on Kellyburn Braes,
(Hey, and the rue grows bonny wi' thyme,)
And he had a wife was the plague o' his days:
And the thyme it is withered, and rue is in prime.

Ae day as the carle gaed up the lang glen,
(Hey, and the rue grows bonny wi' thyme,)
He met wi' the devil; says, "How do you fen?" come on
And the thyme it is withered, and rue is in prime.

"I've got a bad wife, sir; that's a' my complaint;
(Hey, and the rue grows bonny wi' thyme,)
For, saving your presence, to her ye're a saint:
And the thyme it is withered, and rue is in prime."

"It's neither your stot nor your staig bullock — colt
I shall crave,
(Hey, and the rue grows bonny wi' thyme,)
But gie me your wife, man, for her I must have,
And the thyme it is withered, and rue is in prime."

"O welcome, most kindly," the blithe carle said,
(Hey, and the rue grows bonny wi' thyme,)
"But if ye can match her, ye're waur than ye're ca'd:
And the thyme it is withered, and rue is in prime."

The devil has got the auld wife on his back;
(Hey, and the rue grows bonny wi' thyme,)
And, like a poor pedler, he's carried his pack;
And the thyme it is withered, and rue is in prime.

He's carried her hame to his ain hallan-door;[1]
(Hey, and the rue grows bonny wi' thyme,)
Syne bade her gae in, for a b—— and a ——:
And the thyme it is withered, and rue is in prime.

[1] *I. e.* interior door. A hallan was a wall in cottages, extending from the front inwards far enough to shelter the inner part of the house from the air, when the house-door was open.

Then straight he makes fifty, the pick o' his band,
(Hey, and the rue grows bonny wi' thyme,)
Turn out on her guard in the clap of a hand:
And the thyme it is withered, and rue is in prime.

The carline gaed through them like ony wud mad bear,
(Hey, and the rue grows bonny wi' thyme,)
Whae'er she gat hands on cam near her nae mair:
And the thyme it is withered, and rue is in prime.

A reekit wee devil looks over the wa'; smoky
(Hey, and the rue grows bonny wi' thyme,)
"Oh, help, master, help, or she'll ruin us a':"
And the thyme it is withered, and rue is in prime.

The devil he swore by the edge o' his knife,
(Hey, and the rue grows bonny wi' thyme,)
He pitied the man that was tied to a wife:
And the thyme it is withered, and rue is in prime.

The devil he swore by the kirk and the bell,
(Hey, and the rue grows bonny wi' thyme,)

He was not in wedlock, thank Heaven, but in
hell:
And the thyme it is withered, and rue is in
prime.

Then Satan has travelled again wi' his pack;
(Hey, and the rue grows bonny wi' thyme,)
And to her auld husband he's carried her back:
And the thyme it is withered, and rue is in
prime.

"I hae been a devil the feck o' my life,
(Hey, and the rue grows bonny wi' thyme,)
But ne'er was in hell till I met wi' a wife:"
And the thyme it is withered, and rue is in
prime.

JOCKY FOU AND JENNY FAIN.

This verse was thrown by Burns into a song by Ramsay.

* * *

LET love sparkle in her e'e,
Let her lo'e nae man but me;
That's the tocher guid I prize, dower
There the lover's treasure lies.

THE SLAVE'S LAMENT.

"The words and the music of this song were communicated by Burns for the *Museum*." — STENHOUSE. "I believe that Burns took the idea of his verses from the *Betrayed Maid*, a ballad formerly much hawked about in Scotland." — C. K. SHARPE. One might have hesitated to assign this song to Burns; but certainly his authorship of it is much fortified by its resemblance to another song of his entitled *The Ruined Farmer's Lament*, which seems to have been formed on the same model; see vol. i. Appendix.

IT was in sweet Senegal that my foes did me enthral,
For the lands of Virginia, O;
Torn from that lovely shore, and must never see it more,
And alas I am weary, weary, O!

All on that charming coast is no bitter snow or frost,
Like the lands of Virginia, O;
There streams for ever flow, and there flowers for ever blow,
And alas I am weary, weary, O!

The burden I must bear, while the cruel scourge
I fear,
In the lands of Virginia, O;
And I think on friends most dear, with the
bitter, bitter tear,
And alas I am weary, weary, O!

COMING THROUGH THE RYE.

TUNE — *Coming through the Rye.*

COMING through the rye, poor body,
Coming through the rye,
She draiglet a' her petticoatie,
Coming through the rye.
Jenny's a' wat, poor body,
Jenny's seldom dry;
She draiglet a' her petticoatie,
Coming through the rye.

Gin a body meet a body
Coming through the rye,
Gin a body kiss a body,
Need a body cry?

Gin a body meet a body
Coming through the glen,
Gin a body kiss a body,
Need the world ken?

YOUNG JAMIE, PRIDE OF A' THE PLAIN

TUNE—*The Carlin o' the Glen.*

YOUNG Jamie, pride of a' the plain,
Sae gallant and sae gay a swain,
Through a' our lasses he did rove,
And reigned resistless king of love.
But now wi' sighs and starting tears,
He strays amang the woods and briers;
Or in the glens and rocky caves
He sad complaining dowie raves: melancholy

"I wha sae late did range and rove,
And changed with every moon my love,
I little thought the time was near,
Repentance I should buy sae dear.
The slighted maids my torment see,
And laugh at a' the pangs I dree; suffer
While she, my cruel, scornfu' fair,
Forbids me e'er to see her mair!"

THE LASS OF ECCLEFECHAN.

TUNE — *Jacky Latin.*

GAT ye me, O gat ye me,
O gat ye me wi' naething?
Rock and reel, and spinnin'-wheel,
A mickle quarter basin.
Bye attour, my gutcher has Moreover — grandsire
A heigh house and a laigh ane,
A' forbye my bonny sel', besides
The toss of Ecclefechan. toast

O haud your tongue now, Luckie Laing;
O haud your tongue and jauner; prattle
I held the gate till you I met, went on prosperously
Syne I began to wander: Then
I tint my whistle and my sang, lost
I tint my peace and pleasure;
But your green graff, now, Luckie Laing, grave
Wad airt me to my treasure. direct

THE CARDIN' O'T.

TUNE — *Salt-fish and Dumplings.*

I COFT a stane o' haslock woo', bought — finest wool
To make a coat to Johnny o't;
For Johnny is my only jo, darling
I lo'e him best of ony yet.
The cardin' o't, the spinnin' o't,
The warpin' o't, the winnin' o't — winding
When ilka ell cost me a groat,
The tailor staw the lynin' o't!

For though his locks be lyart gray, grizzled
And though his brow be beld aboon, bald
Yet I hae seen him on a day,
The pride of a' the parishen.

THE LASS THAT MADE THE BED TO ME.

TUNE— *The Peacock.*

Among the songs contributed for Johnson's fifth volume, and which appeared in it, was one entitled *The Lass that made the Bed to Me.* Burns had found a rude and licentious old ballad under this title, had put it through his refining alembic, and brought it out a fine rich narrative song, but still too warm in its coloring for modern delicacy. He afterwards still further purified it, as follows.

WHEN winter's wind was blawing cauld,
As to the north I bent my way,
The mirksome night did me enfauld,
I knew na where to lodge till day.

A charming girl I chanced to meet,
Just in the middle o' my care,
And kindly she did me invite
Her father's humble cot to share.

Her hair was like the gowd sae fine,
Her teeth were like the ivorie,

Her cheeks like lilies dipt in wine,
The lass that made the bed to me.

Her bosom was the drifted snaw,
Her limbs like marble fair to see;
A finer form nane ever saw
Than hers that made the bed to me.

She made the bed baith lang and braid,
Wi' twa white hands she spread it down,
She bade "Guid-night," and smiling said,
"I hope ye'll sleep baith saft and soun'."

Upon the morrow, when I raise,
I thanked her for her courtesie;
A blush cam o'er the comely face
Of her that made the bed for me.

I clasped her waist and kissed her syne;
The tear stude twinkling in her e'e;
"O dearest maid, gin ye'll be mine,
Ye aye sall mak the bed to me."

THE HIGHLAND LADDIE.

TUNE — *If thou'lt play me fair play.*

"Compiled by Burns from some Jacobite verses, entitled *The Highland Lad and the Lowland Lassie.*" — STENHOUSE.

THE bonniest lad that e'er I saw,
Bonny laddie, Highland laddie,
Wore a plaid, and was fu' braw,
Bonny Highland laddie.
On his head a bonnet blue,
Bonny laddie, Highland laddie,
His royal heart was firm and true,
Bonny Highland laddie.

Trumpets sound, and cannons roar,
Bonny lassie, Lowland lassie,
And a' the hills wi' echoes roar,
Bonny Lowland lassie.
Glory, honour, now invite,
Bonny lassie, Lowland lassie,
For freedom and my king to fight,
Bonny Lowland lassie.

The sun a backward course shall take,
Bonny laddie, Highland laddie,
Ere aught thy manly courage shake,
Bonny Highland laddie.
Go! for yourself procure renown,
Bonny laddie, Highland laddie,
And for your lawful king his crown,
Bonny Highland laddie.

SAE FAR AWA'.

TUNE—*Dalkeith Maiden Bridge.*

O SAD and heavy should I part,
But for her sake sae far awa',
Unknowing what my way may thwart,
My native land sae far awa'.
Thou that of a' things Maker art,
That formed this Fair sae far awa',
Gie body strength, and I'll ne'er start
At this my way sae far awa'.

How true is love to pure desert,
So love to her sae far awa',
And nought can heal my bosom's smart,
While, oh, she is sae far awa'.

Nane other love, nae other dart,
I feel, but hers sae far awa',
But fairer never touched a heart,
Than hers the Fair, sae far awa'.

I'LL AYE CA' IN BY YON TOWN.

I'LL aye ca' in by yon town,
And by yon garden green again;
I'll aye ca' in by yon town,
And see my bonny Jean again.

There's nane sall ken, there's nane sall guess,
What brings me back the gate again,
But she my fairest faithfu' lass,
And stowlins we sall meet again. stealthily

She'll wander by the aiken tree,
When trystin' time draws near again,
And when her lovely form I see,
O haith! she's doubly dear again. faith

BANNOCKS O' BARLEY.

TUNE—*The Killogie.*

Formed by Burns on the basis of a Jacobite song.

BANNOCKS o' bear-meal, cakes—barley
Bannocks o' barley;
Here's to the Highlandman's
Bannocks o' barley!
Wha' in a brulzie broil
Will first cry a parley?
Never the lads wi'
The bannocks o' barley!

Bannocks o' bear-meal,
Bannocks o' barley;
Here's to the lads wi'
The bannocks o' barley!
Wha in his wae-days sad
Were loyal to Charlie?—
Wha but the lads wi'
The bannocks o' barley?

IT WAS A' FOR OUR RIGHTFU' KING.

TUNE — *It was a' for our rightfu' King.*

The authorship of this song may be doubted. Allan Cunningham was of opinion, that Burns "rather beautified and amended some ancient strain which he had discovered, than wrote it wholly from his own heart and fancy." See a confirmation of this in *Notes to Johnson's Museum*, by Mr. David Laing.

IT was a' for our rightfu' king
We left fair Scotland's strand;
It was a' for our rightfu' king
We e'er saw Irish land,
My dear,
We e'er saw Irish land.

Now a' is done that men can do,
And a' is done in vain;
My love and native land farewell,
For I maun cross the main,
My dear,
For I maun cross the main.

He turned him right and round about
  Upon the Irish shore,
And gae his bridle-reins a shake,
  With adieu for evermore,
    My dear,
  With adieu for evermore.

The sodger from the wars returns,
  The sailor frae the main,
But I hae parted frae my love,
  Never to meet again,
    My dear,
  Never to meet again.

When day is gane, and night is come,
  And a' folk bound to sleep,
I think on him that's far awa',
  The lee-lang night, and weep, live-long
    My dear,
  The lee-lang night, and weep.

THE HIGHLAND WIDOW'S LAMENT.

"This pathetic ballad was wholly composed by Burns for the *Museum*, unless we except the exclamation: 'Och-on, och-on, och-rie!' which appears in the old song composed on the massacre of Glencoe, inserted in the first volume of the *Museum*." — STENHOUSE.

Oh, I am come to the low countrie,
Och-on, och-on, och-rie!
Without a penny in my purse,
To buy a meal to me.

It was na sae in the Highland hills,
Och-on, och-on, och-rie!
Nae woman in the country wide
Sae happy was as me.

For then I had a score o' kye,
Och-on, och-on, och-rie!
Feeding on yon hills so high,
And giving milk to me.

And there I had threescore o' yowes, ewes
Och-on, och-on, och-rie!

Skipping on yon bonny knowes, knolls
And casting woo' to me. wool

I was the happiest of the clan,
Sair, sair may I repine;
For Donald was the brawest lad,
And Donald he was mine.

Till Charlie Stewart cam at last,
Sae far to set us free;
My Donald's arm was wanted then,
For Scotland and for me.

Their waefu' fate what need I tell?
Right to the wrang did yield;
My Donald and his country fell
Upon Culloden's field.

Oh, I am come to the low countrie,
Och-on, och-on, och-rie!
Nae woman in the world wide
Sae wretched now as me.

O STEER HER UP.

TUNE — *O steer her up, and haud her gaun.*

The first four lines of this song are part of an old ditty.

O STEER her up, and haud her gaun, stir—keep going
Her mother's at the mill, jo;
And gin she winna take a man,
E'en let her take her will, jo.
First shore her wi' a kindly kiss, threaten
And ca' another gill, jo;
And gin she take the thing amiss,
E'en let her flyte her fill, jo. scold

O steer her up, and be na blate, bashful
And gin she take it ill, jo,
Then lea'e the lassie till her fate,
And time nae langer spill, jo.
Ne'er break your heart for ae rebute,
But think upon it still, jo;
Then gin the lassie winna do't,
Ye'll fin' anither will, jo.

WEE WILLIE GRAY.

Written by Burns in imitation, and to the tune, of an old nursery-song.

WEE Willie Gray, and his leather wallet,
Peel a willow-wand, to be him boots and jacket;
The rose upon the brier will be him trouse and doublet,
The rose upon the brier will be him trouse and doublet.

Wee Willie Gray, and his leather wallet,
Twice a lilie flower will be him sark and cravat;
Feathers of a flie wad feather up his bonnet,
Feathers of a flie wad feather up his bonnet.

O AYE MY WIFE SHE DANG ME.

TUNE — *My Wife she dang me.*

O AYE my wife she dang me, beat
And aft my wife did bang me,
If ye gie a woman a' her will,
Guid faith, she'll soon o'ergang ye.
On peace and rest my mind was bent,
And fool I was I married;
But never honest man's intent
As cursedly miscarried.

Some sa'r o' comfort still at last, savor
When a' my days are done, man;
My pains o' hell on earth are past,
I'm sure o' bliss aboon, man.
O aye my wife she dang me,
And aft my wife did bang me,
If ye gie a woman a' her will,
Guid faith, she'll soon o'ergang ye.

O GUID ALE COMES.

O GUID ale comes, and guid ale goes,
Guid ale gars me sell my hose,
Sell my hose and pawn my shoon;
Guid ale keeps my heart aboon.

I had sax owsen in a pleugh,
They drew a' weel eneugh,
I selt them a' just ane by ane; sold
Guid ale keeps my heart aboon.

ROBIN SHURE IN HAIRST.

CHORUS.

ROBIN shure in hairst, sheared — harvest
I shure wi' him;
Fient a heuk had I, deuce a hook
Yet I stack by him.

I gaed up to Dunse,
To warp a wab o' plaiden; web — coarse cloth
At his daddie's yett, gate
Wha met me but Robin?

Was na Robin bauld,
Though I was a cotter,
Played me sic a trick,
And me the eller's dochter? elder's

Robin promised me
A' my winter vittle;
Fient hae't he had but three devil-a-bit
Goose feathers and a whittle.

SWEETEST MAY.

Sweetest May, let love inspire thee,
Take a heart which he desires thee;
As thy constant slave regard it,
For its faith and truth reward it.

Proof o' shot to birth or money,
Not the wealthy but the bonny;
Not high-born, but noble-minded,
In love's silken band can bind it.

THERE WAS A BONNY LASS.

THERE was a bonny lass, and a bonny, bonny lass,
And she lo'ed her bonny laddie dear,
Till war's loud alarms tore her laddie frae her arms,
Wi' monie a sigh and a tear.

Over sea, over shore, where the cannons loudly roar,
He still was a stranger to fear;
And nought could him quail, or his bosom assail,
But the bonny lass he lo'ed sae dear.

CROWDIE.

"The first verse of this song is old; the second was written by Burns."—STENHOUSE.

O THAT I had ne'er been married,
I wad never had nae care;

Now I've gotten wife and bairns,
And they cry crowdie evermair. porridge
Ance crowdie, twice crowdie,
Three times crowdie in a day;
Gin ye crowdie ony mair,
Ye'll crowdie a' my meal away.

Waefu' want and hunger fley me, affright
Glowrin' by the hallan en'; staring — door-way
Sair I fecht them at the door, fight
But aye I'm eerie they come ben. alarmed — in

PIECES DOUBTFULLY ATTRIBUTED TO BURNS.

THE HERMIT.

WRITTEN ON A MARBLE SIDEBOARD, IN THE HERMITAGE BELONGING TO THE DUKE OF ATHOLE, IN THE WOOD OF ABERFELDY.

WHOE'ER thou art, these lines now reading,
Think not, though from the world receding,
I joy my lonely days to lead in
This desert drear;
That fell remorse a conscience bleeding
Hath led me here.

No thought of guilt my bosom sours;
Free-willed I fled from courtly bowers;
For well I saw in halls and towers
That lust and pride,
The arch-fiend's dearest, darkest powers,
In state preside.

I saw mankind with vice incrusted;
I saw that honour's sword was rusted;

That few for aught but folly lusted;
That he was still deceived who trusted
To love or friend;
And hither came, with men disgusted,
My life to end.

In this lone cave, in garments lowly,
Alike a foe to noisy folly,
And brow-bent gloomy melancholy,
I wear away
My life, and in my office holy
Consume the day.

This rock my shield, when storms are blowing,
The limpid streamlet yonder flowing
Supplying drink, the earth bestowing
My simple food;
But few enjoy the calm I know in
This desert wood.

Content and comfort bless me more in
This grot, than e'er I felt before in
A palace — and with thoughts still soaring
To God on high,
Each night and morn with voice imploring,
This wish I sigh:

"Let me, O Lord! from life retire,
Unknown each guilty worldly fire,

Remorse's throb, or loose desire;
And when I die,
Let me in this belief expire—
To God I fly."

Stranger, if full of youth and riot,
And yet no grief has marred thy quiet,
Thou haply throw'st a scornful eye at
The hermit's prayer:
But if thou hast good cause to sigh at
Thy fault or care,

If thou hast known false love's vexation,
Or hast been exiled from thy nation,
Or guilt affrights thy contemplation,
And makes thee pine,
Oh! how must thou lament thy station,
And envy mine!

THE VOWELS:

A TALE.

'Twas where the birch and sounding thong are plied,
The noisy domicile of pedant pride;

Where Ignorance her darkening vapour throws,
And Cruelty directs the thickening blows;
Upon a time, Sir Abece the great,
In all his pedagogic powers elate,
His awful chair of state resolves to mount,
And call the trembling vowels to account.

First entered A, a grave, broad, solemn wight,
But, ah! deformed, dishonest to the sight!
His twisted head looked backward on his way,
And flagrant from the scourge he grunted, *ai!*

Reluctant, E stalked in; with piteous race
The justling tears ran down his honest face!
That name, that well-worn name, and all his own,
Pale he surrenders at the tyrant's throne!
The pedant stifles keen the Roman sound
Not all his mongrel diphthongs can compound;
And next the title following close behind,
He to the nameless, ghastly wretch assigned.

The cobwebbed Gothic dome resounded, Y!
In sullen vengeance, I disdained reply:
The pedant swung his felon cudgel round,
And knocked the groaning vowel to the ground!

In rueful apprehension entered O,
The wailing minstrel of despairing wo;
The Inquisitor of Spain the most expert,

Might there have learnt new mysteries of his
art;
So grim, deformed, with horrors entering, U
His dearest friend and brother scarcely knew!

As trembling U stood staring all aghast,
The pedant in his left hand clutched him fast,
In helpless infants' tears he dipped his right,
Baptised him *eu*, and kicked him from his sight.

ON PASTORAL POETRY.

HAIL Poesie! thou Nymph reserved!
In chase o' thee, what crowds hae swerved
Frae common-sense, or sunk enerved
'Mang heaps o' clavers; babblings
And och! ower aft thy joes hae starved, favorites
Mid a' thy favours!

Say, Lassie, why thy train amang,
While loud the trump's heroic clang,
And sock or buskin skelp alang trip
To death or marriage,
Scarce ane has tried the shepherd-sang
But wi' miscarriage?

In Homer's craft Jock Milton thrives;
Eschylus' pen Will Shakspeare drives;
Wee Pope, the knurlin, 'till him rives dwarf
Horatian fame;
In thy sweet sang, Barbauld, survives
E'en Sappho's flame.

But thee, Theocritus, wha matches?
They're no herd's ballats, Maro's catches;
Squire Pope but busks his skinklin patches sparkling
O' heathen tatters:
I pass by hunders, nameless wretches,
That ape their betters.

In this braw age o' wit and lear,
Will nane the Shepherd's whistle mair
Blaw sweetly in its native air
And rural grace;
And wi' the far-famed Grecian share
A rival place?

Yes! there is ane; a Scottish callan — lad
There's ain; come forrit, honest Allan! forward
Thou need na jouk behint the hallan, skulk—door
A chiel sae clever;
The teeth o' time may gnaw Tantallan,
But thou's for ever!

Thou paints auld Nature to the nines,
In thy sweet Caledonian lines;

Nae gowden stream through myrtles twines,
Where Philomel,
While nightly breezes sweep the vines,
Her griefs will tell!

In gowany glens thy burnie strays, daisied — brook
Where bonny lasses bleach their claes;
Or trots by hazelly shaws and braes, groves
Wi' hawthorns gray,
Where blackbirds join the shepherd's lays
At close o' day.

Thy rural loves are Nature's sel';
Nae bombast spates o' nonsense swell; floods
Nae snap conceits; but that sweet spell
O' witchin' love,
That charm that can the strongest quell,
The sternest move.

THE END.

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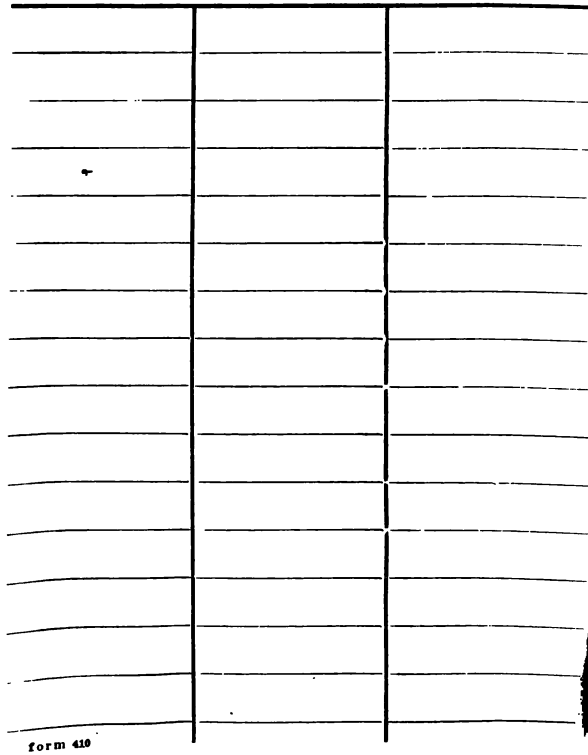

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